

Ulysses Samuel Guyer

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM KANSAS



**MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
DELIVERED IN CONGRESS**



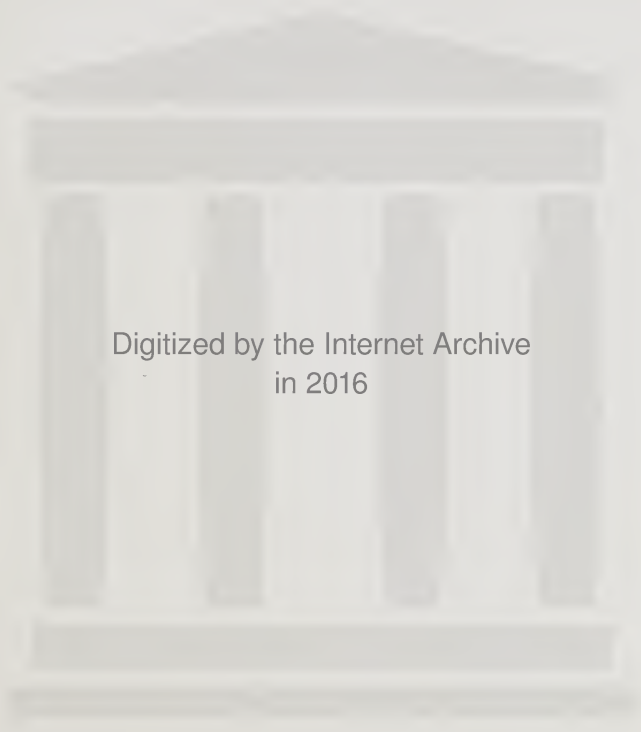
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Ulysses Samuel Guyer

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM KANSAS



45 Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session, House

46-27988



UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1945

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PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING

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Biography

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER was born near Pawpaw, Lee County, Ill., December 13, 1868; attended the public schools, Lane University at Lecompton, Kans., and the University of Kansas School of Law at Lawrence, Kans.; principal of the St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of the city schools of St. John 1896-1901; was admitted to the bar in 1902 and commenced practice in Kansas City, Kans.; judge of the first division city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907-1909; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909-1910; elected as a Republican to the Sixty-eighth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Edward C. Little, and served from November 4, 1924, to March 3, 1925; was not a candidate for election for the full term in 1924; resumed the practice of law in Kansas City, Kans.; again elected to the Seventieth and to the eight succeeding Congresses and served from March 4, 1927, until his death; one of the managers appointed by the House of Representatives in 1933 to conduct the impeachment proceedings against Harold Louderback, judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of California; died at the Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md., June 5, 1943; interment in Fairview Cemetery, St. John, Kans.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, May 9, 1944.

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 31st day of May 1944, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40-A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)

United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer----- The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation----- The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)----- Corp. Glenn Darwin

Scripture reading and prayer----- The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members

The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address----- Hon. Jerry Voorhis
Representative from the State of California

Hymn----- Corp. Glenn Darwin

Address----- Hon. Karl E. Mundt
Representative from the State of South Dakota

Taps----- Musician Edward Masters

Benediction----- The Chaplain

Ulysses Samuel Guyer



Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, May 31, 1944.

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cooper) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Corp. Glenn Darwin, Army Air Forces Band, sang *There Is No Death*.

The Chaplain:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!"

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"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

"He leads you into no darker room
Than He Himself went through,
And in your path He has laid no stone
He would not carry too."

*Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in
heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us
our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for
Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever.
Amen.*

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

WILLIAM WARREN BARBOUR, a Senator from the State of New Jersey: Born July 31, 1888; manufacturer; graduate of Browning School, New York, N. Y., 1906; attended Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; member of the New York National Guard for 10 years; served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a first lieutenant, promoted to the rank of captain; member of the Rumson (N. J.) Borough Council in 1922; mayor of Rumson, N. J., 1923-28; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election, from December 1, 1931, to January 3, 1937; member of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission in 1937; reelected to the United States Senate in 1938 and 1940; died November 22, 1943.

FREDERICK VAN NUYS, a Senator from the State of Indiana: Born April 16, 1874; lawyer; graduated from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1898 and from the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1900; prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ind., 1906-10; member of the State senate, 1913-16; served as president pro tempore in 1915; chairman of the Democratic State committee, 1917-18; United States attorney, district of Indiana, 1920-22; elected to the United States Senate in 1932; reelected in 1938; died January 25, 1944.

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CHARLES LINZA McNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon: Born June 12, 1874; lawyer; jurist; student at Leland Stanford Junior University, California; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district, 1906-13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908-13; associate justice of the State supreme court, 1913-15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; Member of the United States Senate under appointment in 1917 and again in 1918; elected to the Senate in 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936, 1942; elected minority leader of the Senate in March 1933 and served until his death; candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1940; died February 25, 1944.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, Second Congressional District of Kansas: Born December 13, 1868; teacher; lawyer; judge; student Lane University, Leocompton, Kans.; Western College, Toledo, Iowa; Kansas University Law School, Lawrence, Kans.; and Kansas City School of Law; principal of St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of St. John schools, 1896-1901; judge city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907-09; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909-10; Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress and the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died June 5, 1943.

FRANCIS DUGAN CULKIN, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born November 10, 1874; reporter; soldier; lawyer; student St. Andrew's College and the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; served in the Spanish-American War; captain in the New York National Guard, 1901-08; city attorney of Oswego, N. Y., 1906-10; district attorney of Oswego County, N. Y., 1911-21; county judge, 1921-28; member of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission; delegate to several Republican National Conventions; Member of the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (nine successive Congresses); died August 4, 1943.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born November 20, 1883; teacher; lawyer; editor and publisher; student Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynne College, Buffalo, Ky.; received degree of bachelor of law, Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910-18; county attorney, 1918-28; Commonwealth attorney, 1929-36; member of the Democratic State executive committee, 1924-40; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died October 13, 1943.

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JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born September 5, 1888; teacher; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1913; professor of history and commerce, Philadelphia (Pa.) high schools, 1912-25; workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania, 1929; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; chairman, Republican National Congressional Committee, 1939, until his death, November 21, 1943.

HENRY BASCOM STEAGALL, Third Congressional District of Alabama: Born May 19, 1873; lawyer; student Southeast Alabama Agricultural School at Abbeville; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Alabama, 1893; county solicitor, 1902-8; member of the State house of representatives, 1906-7; member of the State democratic executive committee, 1906-10; State district prosecuting attorney, 1907-14; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1912; Member of the Sixty-fourth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (15 successive Congresses); died November 22, 1943.

LAWRENCE LEWIS, First Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 22, 1879; businessman; teacher; lawyer; student University of Colorado at Boulder; received degree of bachelor of arts in 1901 and degree of bachelor of law in 1909 from Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. assistant instructor in English, Harvard University, 1906-9; member of the Colorado Civil Service Commission, 1917-18; private in the Seventeenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, Central Officers' Training School, October to December 1918; Member of the Seventy-third to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died December 9, 1943.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born February 19, 1879; farmer, banker; student Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died January 16, 1944.

LEONARD WILLIAM SCHUETZ, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born November 16, 1887; stenographer and secretary; businessman; student Lane Technical High School and Bryant & Stratton Business College, Chicago, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died February 13, 1944.

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THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, Fourth Congressional District of New York: Born March 29, 1868; businessman; graduate St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880; member of the State Assembly, 1896-98; State senator 1899-1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932; alternate delegate 1940; Member of the Sixty-sixth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (thirteen successive Congresses); died March 1, 1944.

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY, Eleventh Congressional District of New York: Born April 23, 1889, businessman; student St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, Staten Island, N. Y.; general manager and vice president North Shore Ice Co., 1920-34; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died March 16, 1944.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Hon. JERRY VOORHIS, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JERRY VOORHIS

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the last memorial service held in this chamber ten Members of the House of Representatives and three Members of the Senate have finished the work which was given them to do here and made their last long journey home. It is, I think, a beautiful and proper custom that one day in every year is set aside from other business of the Congress in order that we may pay solemn tribute to those of our colleagues whose bodily presence has passed away from us but who still live among us in spirit and in memory.

Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with

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their bones." Life's lessons teach us otherwise. It is the strength, the goodness, the inner worth of men and women that lives on—not alone in the mind of God but in the life of this world as well.

Those who have known and worked with children come in time to understand that into every life that comes this way there is infused some special gift—a gift that is unique and not quite like the one which any other human being brings.

Many and various are these gifts which God, through boys and girls and men and women, seeks to bestow upon the world. But somewhere in each one of us is carried a flash of genius or a special skill, a word or smile of strength and hope, an understanding heart, which no one else in all of life can give mankind unless he does so. Only those who know a man the best can truly value him, or see just where and when and how he casts his precious stone upon the waters of this life to make their movement different and a bit more beautiful than could have been the case had he not passed this way.

It was the Master Himself who told us: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Only as the seed returns to the ground from whence it sprang can its life be renewed in the plant whose potential beauty and usefulness lay locked within that seed.

So let it be with our departed colleagues. May the good seed they have planted be so nourished and tended by the honor we do their memory that the work they began may live on to benefit mankind.

The history of mankind teaches us repeatedly this great truth; that it is in death that somehow good men and women and truly great men and women gain the fullest measure of their power and are able to exert their greatest creative influence upon their fellow sojourners upon this strange and oftentimes baffling little planet. The great musicians, authors, and inventors have died in poverty, unheralded and unsung, their work rejected by mankind. Yet after their mortal

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bodies have ceased to walk the earth generations of men and women have lived to honor them and—what is of a great deal more importance—have brought literally to life the very minds of such men through their symphonies, their books and poems, their inventions.

While he lived Galileo was condemned a heretic for teaching the truth about the structure of the solar system. But in death he has taught generations of these things.

Thomas Jefferson faced in his own times a bitter enmity among large numbers of his fellow countrymen. He was called a Jacobin, accused of being dangerous and radical. At times his very life was threatened. But that same Jefferson lives today in hearts and minds of millions around the world; and it is to that same Jefferson that Americans of every political creed look for leadership. His body fell into the ground and died. But, freed from it, his living thoughts have brought forth untold good fruit to bless his country and its people.

And Lincoln. Is Lincoln dead? "Oh, yes," men say. He died in Washington in 1865. And never was a man in high office so flagrantly maligned, so bitterly attacked, so schemed against by those pretending to be his friends. But Lincoln is not dead. The good he did is not interred with his bones. The words he spoke at Gettysburg, the simple honesty of his mind, the mighty majesty of his great rugged soul are more impelling, more alive today than when he struggled, mortal, among men.

And what are we to learn from Him who died upon a cross, condemned to death by those he lived to save, nailed there by the soldiers of a heartless state that thought he could be killed? Are we so blind as to believe that that Good Friday was a day of failure and defeat? No! We cannot be. The very soul of the religion we profess is only to be found in understanding that Easter Resurrection never comes unless Good Friday goes before it. Death and resurrection were not, are not, two events but one.

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The one creative power in all experience is self-sacrificing devotion. Out of the travail of motherhood the child is born. No mighty music or great work of art, no poem of power or book of worth, no law of justice or religious truth—not one of these things has come into this world except where he who brought it gave of himself, made sacrifice to bring it here.

Death, then, is but the greatest sacrifice. It is then man gives his all. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life to his friends." The bodies of these our colleagues in the House have been committed to the ground. The same earth holds them that holds the bodies of those soldiers, sailors, and marines who today around the world give all they have—their very lives—that other people may be free. Death is supreme sacrifice; sacrifice is the soul of creative power; creative power is of God.

Only in death is life made whole and perfect. The awesome mystery that surrounds the passing of the soul from its body finds its counterpart in the utterly inexplicable miracle of birth. No scientific explanation in cold biological terms of the mere process that accompanies the coming of a new life into this world has even so much as scratched the surface of the profound miracle that inheres in the mighty fact that new life is possible, that God shares with men and women His own creative powers.

And so with death. We only know that somehow the body has lost its vital element. Its chemical composition is not altered; its weight has not changed. Except for a deeper repose than it has ever known its outward appearance is much the same. And yet the force we know as life is gone from it. The only thing which, residing there, possessed significance and power and beauty has found escape.

We know, do we not, in our heart of hearts that another miracle has taken place? We know it is not an end we witness but completion of life's cycle with the return whence it came of a portion of the expression in personality of the life and power of God.

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It was Christ Jesus Himself who gave His life to teach us this lesson. "I go to My Father," He said. And again to the repentent thief there on the cross beside Him, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is remarkable, I think, that we have clothed that word with meaning so foreign to our own experience. For what greater paradise to the worn and tired traveler than to return to his own home at nightfall? And where, but to the Father from whence he came, could that greatest of all human souls have sought to go?

We are wrong if we mourn for those whose work is done, whose hour of labor on this earth is finished. Only our own loss should cause us pain. For even as with glad and thankful hearts we welcome the newborn babe, so with understanding and insight into life's true meaning we should regard the final miraculous escape of the soul of a man or woman from the body that has held it a brief moment on this earth.

The physicist tells us that matter is indestructible, that even fire has no power to destroy but only to transform. Can any man with power of reflection and quiet thought regard this universe with its ordered suns and stars, this earth blessed with water, soil, and air, the power of growth of all its living things, as but a series of unrelated accidents? Can any man regard the growth of mind from the dawn of understanding in the ice caves of a far-off age to the spiritual communion of a church, the sweep of knowledge of a school or the intellectual interchanges of a parliament—can this great fact be sensed at all without belief in God? This mighty existence of which we find ourselves, for reasons utterly beyond our ken, a part, did not just happen. There is an Author, Sculptor, Artist, what you will, who has shaped and patterned it. And His highest of all works is the mind and soul of man. Is the work and travail of creation to be reasonably believed to be for naught? To say so is to speak what palpably is not and never can be true. No! This is no mockery. God's greatest work does not die. He takes it home to Himself again.

Who has not looked upon the stars and wondered at the power that holds them in their courses? And who thus

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wondering has not known that that power is one of purpose, of intelligence, of absolute inclusiveness of all He has created and especially of all to whom He has given life.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
The known from the unknown.
I mount what thought is near me
And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the seen grows dim
And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
And everywhere
Through the earth and air
My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of dust!"
It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of being,
Where there is gulf alone—
And thro' a vast that was never passed
I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

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It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What is from the whence and why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

—*Cole Young Rice.*

Yesterday our colleagues stood with us on "the strand where just beyond lies God." Today they have crossed over. Today they understand. No longer do they search for explanations and for truth. They are gone beyond the veil that cloaks the answers to all mysteries from those of us who still must live. It is not in mourning that we honor them. But rather in seeing that to us is given one great duty and the opportunity and means of being true to their memory. For we can dedicate ourselves to struggling to complete the work which they began. These whose memory we honor here today, now see face to face the meaning of all life and death and sacrifice and creative love. For where they are, there the Source of Life resides.

Let us turn then with understanding to the uncompleted task of building that better world which those who have gone before have helped make possible. May the good they did upon this earth live on after them through the efforts of us who called them friends. Ours is the torch they have laid down—these Members of the House and Senate and men like them around the world today. Their memory, their

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influence, their very spirit on this earth will live if we keep faith with them. May the peace of God which passeth understanding keep their hearts and minds this day and always, and may His inspiration guide and spur us on as we strive to hold high the torch they have passed on to us.

Corp. Glenn Darwin sang Abide With Me.

Hon. KARL E. MUNDT, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY MR. KARL E. MUNDT

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet today for a purpose which has the dignity and tenderness of funeral rites without their acute sadness. We are drawn together today not by a new bereavement but one which time has softened and mellowed. We are here to pay tribute to those Members of the Senate and the House who have joined the realm of the invisible since we last met here a year ago in a memorial service. It is our privilege today to honor those who have passed on. We freshen with the dew of recollection the fragrant blossoms of love and understanding wreathed about the memories of our departed. We do well to pause annually for an occasion such as this. We approach this session with eyes undimmed by tears but with hearts filled with the tender thoughts of remembrance and retrospection. We meet here not only to honor the memory of those who have gone but to remind ourselves that soon or late each of us must hearken to the call and take our place with those preceding us in the silent halls of death, there to bivouac together in our low green tents waiting the reveille and the reunion of the resurrection.

Joseph Addison once represented humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge, having numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly open now and then letting the passengers pass through until toward the end of the last span no one remains to pass. What a true picture of life that represents. Some are nipped in the bud, others fall at blossom time, some fall by the wayside at mid-maturity, and few

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there are who are privileged to ripen and retain their earthly functions beyond their allotted three score years and ten. We who serve together in the Congress of the United States know that each year sees the passing of a certain number of our associates into the realm beyond and above the valley. Slowly but surely our ranks are constantly thinned. We pause on the speedy highway of life today to commemorate the lives of those who have answered the distant call.

As we pause together to pay tribute to the departed, we find courage in the fact that life does not end with the lapse of mortal breath. We are buoyed by the evidences of life after death which Nature provides us in every environment. The beautiful sunset is but the beginning of a glorious sunrise. Twilight finds its inspiring finish in the dawn. The dry leaves descending in the fall provide the rich mulch to protect the tender shoots of life reappearing in the spring. When we go down into the valley of the shadow it can be said that we have finished the day's work, but it cannot be said that we have finished our lives. Our day's work will begin anew with the following morning. The tomb is not a blind alley or a dead-end street. It is a thoroughfare. As it closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. Edith Davis Rowe expressed it well when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on
Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
Are tripled by the score.

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Good deeds survive the human trail; kind words never die. Our bodies may vanish from the scene of action, but the influence of our lives, well lived, continues with the endlessness of eternity. Yea, verily, in the words of the beautiful song we have heard this morning, there is no death. By our everyday deeds as we work along we determine in part our individual grasp upon eternity. Wise King Solomon expressed it rather tersely, albeit truthfully, when he said in Proverbs x: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

A poet whose name has been lost in anonymity although his words have attained immortality put it this way:

Not—how did he die?
But—how did he live?
Not—what did he gain?
But—what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.
Not—what was his station
But—had he a heart?
And—how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?
Not—what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But—had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But—how many were sorry
When he passed away?

Those of us who knew personally the 3 Members of the Senate and the 10 Members of the House who have passed away since last we met in memorial services realize that the genuine sorrow and fond memories which followed their departure

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give eloquent testimony to the high measure of worth which attached to each of those no longer able to respond to the calling of the roll. In a very real sense these Senators and Representatives gave their lives in the service of their country. Their passing left the Nation poorer but their services here in Congress helped to shape its course toward greatness.

In this particular memorial service, held as it is during the anguish of a great and awful war, we who gather here meet with a full appreciation of the fact that each day and night hundreds of new white crosses are being erected to American military heroes who have gone to sojourn with our departed associates in the realms of eternity. As we honor our own absent Members today, let us, therefore, add to their lists in our praise and our prayers all of their predecessors in the Congress and the men and women of America who have died and are yet to die in the service of their country.

THESE ARE DIFFICULT DAYS IN CONGRESS

American history has recorded no more difficult or important time to serve in Congress than the present. The Seventy-seventh Congress which tussled with the pre-war problems and the tasks of rearmament and the Seventy-eighth Congress which provides the sinews of war and the legislative support for the most costly and calamitous conflict in human history have been the most trying and exacting Congresses in the years of our Republic. The pressure of long hours and multitudinous tasks, the strain of anxious decisions on momentous problems, the worry of responsibilities pregnant with significance for all time to come, have taken their toll among our associates in Congress as they have on the fields of battle.

Only a knave or a fool could wear lightly the heavy obligations which are his as a Member of Congress in this desperate juncture of our national history. The combination of nights made sleepless by reflection upon what would comprise the best decision on the morrow and of days made restless by the torturing turmoil of our times has not limited its demands

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by exacting the lives of those whom we are met here today to commemorate. We can also read its heavy toll in the faces and the bodies of those with whom we are presently associated in the mighty decisions of our daily lives. Truly, these are not easy times in which to serve in Congress.

GOVERNMENT BY BENEFIT OF CONGRESS IS BEST

If those who see Congress only from the outside and judge it only by its errors and its weaknesses could but follow its individual Members to their homes and live with them, sharing their thoughts and emotions for just a single month, the carping criticism of writers and speakers which has sometimes risen to almost a crushing crescendo would be projected with the moderation of a better understanding. It is an ancient truism that the water is never missed until the well is dry. Even the most brazen and hyperbolic critics of Congress whose pens and words sometimes drip with the hateful brine of personal venom would retire into silence if the alternative of no Congress at all were substituted for either a good Congress, or an indifferent Congress.

A hasty glance at the conditions in countries where there are no legislative bodies on the national level of where such bodies simply serve to reenforce the edicts of the vain men who dominate their countries convinces the severest skeptic that government by benefit of Congress at its worst is far superior to government bereft of Congress at its best.

While the hearts and minds of our colleagues, both alive and dead, have been saddened and burdened at times by unconscionable and unjustifiable attacks upon their patriotism, their purposes, and their personalities, the Nation itself has cause to rejoice that its Congress had stood up to these attacks, fighting back at times and at others simply turning its back to the storm, but ever and always fixing its eyes on its standards and refusing to surrender.

If I were a minister of the gospel and were going to select a text to weave into this address, I would go to the Psalms 118,

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and use the twenty-second verse, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the stone of the corner."

The gradual evolution of Congress to its present position as the keystone of freedom and self-government in this Republic is in harmony with the Biblical admonition which I have just cited. In his struggle to master the art of government, man was slow to turn to an assembly of his associates as the device through which to maintain order, protect the weak, and regulate the strong. He experimented down through the ages with sages and savants, with tyrants and despots, with medicine men and potentates. He turned to princes and kings, to queens and dukes and lords. Only after losing his faith in the rule of hereditary houses and regal men down through the sad experiences of centuries did man finally turn to himself and his fellows as the source from which sound government could best be sought.

Even in the founding days of this Republic, the position of the great institution of Congress came only as a compromise between those who feared the people and those who were suspect of the king.

Now after over 150 years of self-rule and of congressional control over purse and sword, this great legislative stone—the Congress—which the builders of government for ages rejected has truly become the head of the temple of self-government in America. And as the keystone of freedom in this Republic, it has become the lodestone of freedom for all the world. Men and women, wan and weary with war, turn yearning eyes in our direction and vow to themselves in their despair that in the glad days of tomorrow, they will erect governments in which they, themselves, can be the rulers as well as the ruled.

Strangely enough, in the uncertain happenchance of life across the years, many of those who have dealt most unfairly and unjustly with Congress have had occasion to seek assistance or protection from the very branch of Government which they so callously condemned. In truth, these men

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and groups have been rescued from a fate which might well have been theirs had their vicious sneak attacks been more successful. Thus, these constant critics many times have secured dividends as a result of their own impotence. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson must almost have had Congress in mind and must have envisaged some of the smear attacks directed at it in modern times when he wrote his poem, *A Nation's Strength*. Permit me to quote a verse or two from it:

What builds the nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

We who are here today may well thank our eternal God that men of the type of whom Emerson wrote have been so numerous in America. In peacetime and in war, on the battlefield and on the home front, in public and in private life, a great and good God has blessed this Republic with enough men and women willing to stand fast and suffer long to build this Nation's pillars so deep and lift them so high that today the beacon light which is the United States signals to all the world to join us in attaining nobler objectives by employing the precepts of brotherly love and by following the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It is men of this type whom we are gathered here today to honor. It is men of this type who must carry on at home and abroad during this tragic era. It is men and women of this type who must seek communion with their God in the shaping of a world after the war which will get civilization back in gear and help in

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bringing to greater numbers the blessings of more lasting peace and greater equities.

WE MUST MAKE THINGS COME RIGHT

Out in the sky-touching mountains of South Dakota—the Black Hills—lives a great American known to many of you by his literary works. I refer to the poet laureate of South Dakota, Badger Clark. In my opinion, the greatest work that Badger Clark has ever written is his poem *The Job*. I want to read it to you now, as typifying a theme which should help us in meeting the challenges which we confront and give us courage and hope when we feel futile in our grapple with the imponderables which lie ahead of us.

THE JOB

But, God, it won't come right! It won't come right!
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.
The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it—flash!—flash!—I thought it some
New Constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps its just a firework—flash! Fiss! Spat!
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard and sour smoke.

But, God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream—why, till the first charm broke,
The thing just built itself, while I, elate,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done, the lesser half, worse luck!
You see, it's dead as yet, a frame, a body—and the heart,
The soul, the fiery vital part
To give it life, is what I cannot get. I've tried—
You know it—tried to catch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right! I'd drop the thing entire,
Only—I can't! I love my job.

You, who ride the thunder,
Do you know what it is to dream and drudge and throb?
I wonder.
Did it come at you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began.
Yes; with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

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Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains;
I know you laughed then, while you caught and wrought
The big, swift, rapturous outline of your thought,
And then—
Men.

I see it now.
O, God, forgive my pettish row!
I see your job. While ages crawl,
Your lips take laboring lines, your eyes a sadder light,
For man, the fire and flower and center of it all—
Man won't come right!
After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts, recastings, tired Gethsemanes
And tense Golgothas, he, your central theme,
Is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, he ruins it.

Why don't you quit?
Crumple it all and dream again! But, no—
Flaw after flaw, you work it out, revise, refine—
Bondage, brutality, and war, and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob—
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine.

Friends, what a challenge the patience and perseverance of the Creator provides for each of us as we hew to our jobs. In a world wicked and weary with war, we can take fresh hope that out of it all will come something better. We labor today under the grim red shadow of an awful war because men will not come right. Or should we say, more hopefully, that we struggle on through carnage and conflict because up to now men have not come right? What of tomorrow? And the day after? Men must come right. A kind Providence has given us the tools for success. We can think and reason. We can work and laugh and sing. We can talk and write and pray. We can remember and we can plan ahead. Men must come right, and with them must come a rightly acting world.

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We who are here today cannot do it all. But we can do something. We in America cannot reform the world. But we can help. We in our legislative seats cannot refashion human nature here at home to make all things come right. But we can help to provide an environment which will encourage rectitude and make equity a permanent guest. We who now serve in Congress are not the only Members of the House and Senate in our Nation's history. Others have been here before and others yet will follow us. But we are the only ones who hold office here today. Thus, in a very real sense we are the head of the temple. We cannot do the job alone, but without our help the big job can never be done rightly.

For the next 7 months at least we must love our job and to it give our very best. If the 13 absent ones whom we honor today could speak to us from out of the vast beyond, their message would be to carry on for freedom, for America, for humanity, in the name of our colleagues who have gone, and of our fighting heroes scattered throughout the world.

For 1 month and half a year, at least, we are the fire and flower and center of it all. We must make things come right. With God at our side and our eyes on the stars, let us work at our job to the end that a fair chance for a free people may be the earthly heritage of every babe that is born in this and every other country. We mortals who have so badly bungled the universe of the Creator now face our greatest opportunity. As God gives us the wisdom to see what is right let us master our jobs in a manner to do honor to those who are gone and to bring honor to those who are here.

Musician Edward Masters, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded Taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Ulysses Samuel Super

Memorial Addresses



Remarks by Representative Hope Of Kansas

MR. SPEAKER: In the death of ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER this House lost one of its ablest and most beloved Members. All of us who worked and served with him during his years in this body lost a great and dear friend.

MR. GUYER was a statesman, a great orator, an able legislator, and an accomplished scholar. He was gifted in many ways but perhaps his greatest gift was his gift for friendship. He loved people. That is one reason for his outstanding success as an educator in his early life. It accounted for much of his political success. Everywhere he went he made friends. He not only made them, but kept them.

MR. GUYER's father was a minister of the Gospel. This meant, as is frequently the case, that the family lived in a number of different communities while Mr. GUYER was a youth. To his dying day he retained friendships with people whom he had known and met in those communities where his father had preached. In his young manhood Mr. GUYER was for 5 years principal of the high school at St. John, Kans., in my congressional district. Those years meant a great deal to him. The associations which he formed then with his pupils and their parents were lifelong. Notwithstanding the fact that he left St. John more than 40 years ago and never returned there to live, he always seemed to regard that spot as home, and it was his expressed wish that he be buried in the cemetery there by the side of his parents.

I doubt if any teacher ever took more genuine interest in his pupils not only while they were in school but throughout their lives than did Mr. GUYER. Until his last illness he kept in close and constant touch with all of his former pupils,

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some of whom were scattered to the far ends of the earth. With many of them he carried on a regular correspondence and he shared their sorrows and joys as only a friend could do.

Mr. GUYER's sincere affection for the beautiful little city of St. John and its people reflected the simplicity, friendliness, and goodness of his nature. These qualities were readily apparent to all of those with whom he was associated.

Mr. GUYER and I came to the Seventieth Congress together. Previously he had served during a part of the Sixty-eighth Congress as the successor to his friend and fellow townsman, Col. E. C. Little. Before coming to Congress my acquaintance with Mr. GUYER had been slight. I soon learned to know him and love him, and as the years went on our friendship became stronger and dearer. I often sought his advice and counsel, which was always freely and unselfishly given.

Mr. GUYER was an authority on the history of Kansas and the United States. He was exceedingly well versed in world history. He revered his country and its institutions. He was an authority on the Constitution. During the last years of his service here he took a great interest in the painting by Howard Chandler Christy entitled "The Signing of the Constitution of the United States." That picture was painted in Washington and while the work was in progress there was hardly a day in which Mr. Guyer did not visit the studio. When the painting was unveiled he was one of the speakers and delivered a masterly address.

Mr. GUYER was a great orator in every sense of the word. He was a moral crusader. Yet, he was never a fanatic nor a crank. He sincerely believed in national prohibition and devoted many of the best years of his life to fighting for it. He was a strong advocate of woman's suffrage when the issue was not popular. Yet, no matter how controversial the issue, Judge GUYER retained the friendship and respect of his opponents. His kindly, friendly nature made it impossible that it could be otherwise.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

Above all, Mr. GUYER was a Christian gentleman. His early environment of plain living, and high thinking, as the son of a minister of the gospel influenced his entire life. After his father's death his devotion to his mother was outstanding and characteristic.

In 1919 Mr. GUYER was married to Della Alforetta Daugherty. His home life was happy and congenial. Mrs. Guyer was an ideal helpmeet, taking an interest in all of his political and legislative activities. To her goes our deepest sympathy in her loss and bereavement.

Mr. HOPE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I include a copy of the eulogy delivered by Hon. Clyde M. Reed, United States Senator from Kansas, at the funeral services for our late colleague, ULYSSES S. GUYER, at St. John, Kans., on Tuesday, June 8, 1943:

EULOGY BY SENATOR REED

It is the custom of the Congress of the United States to do honor to those of its Members who die while in service, and the custom is that Members of both Houses shall accompany the mortal remains of the departed Member to the place of his final interment. And so, I come here in company with your own Congressman, Clifford Hope; with the Congressman from the Emporia district, Mr. Rees; the Congressman from Oklahoma, to the south of you, Mr. Rizley; the Congressman from Colorado, Mr. Chenoweth; and my colleague, Senator Butler, of Nebraska. We brought back the remains of your friend, who was once your close neighbor.

There must be a something about communities as there is about individuals. Communities have individuality and characteristics as like and as unlike each other as humans are like and unlike each other. Judged by appearance and contact, and our knowledge of Mr. GUYER, St. John must be an unusual place, a community with its own individuality. In all of the years that I have known him I can't recall a conversation with him of more than, we'll say, 10 minutes, but that he mentioned St. John and his years here in St. John. I think that is a common experience among his friends. He didn't live here many years, yet the years that he did live here seem to have left a deeper impression upon his character and personality, and certainly upon his thoughts, than the years he lived in any other place.

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It must be an unusual community that can do that to any man.

I believe this town was named after a former Governor of Kansas, John P. St. John. Governor St. John came to fame and remained in memory principally because of his vigorous advocacy of that one principle in Kansas from which there has never been any formal and official variation in the last 60 years. That is the principle of prohibition. It was his favorite subject. As the town of St. John was the favorite conversation piece for Mr. GUYER, prohibition, perhaps, was his favorite subject for public addresses. I don't think he ever missed an opportunity to talk about prohibition. So, again I think of Mr. GUYER in his career, in his individuality, coming back to Kansas, to St. John, and to the individuality of a different community.

We brought back your friend, a kindly man. I should say kindness and friendliness and sincerity were his distinguishing characteristic. There are those of us who may have been, and are, impelled by motives of combat or self-interest or ambition, but here was a man whose guiding qualities of life were friendly services. He never was too busy to be friendly. He never forgot to be kind. These qualities are, I think, rather distinguishing characteristics of the community of which he was so fond, and of which he so proudly claimed to be a part.

In the last two days, his colleagues, including myself, have traveled half across a continent to bring him back to you. We left a pulsing crowd, a tense city, the Capital of this country, and by virtue of that, the Capital of the World. The Capital of this country is the stage on which there is being hammered out the destiny of the world. It is a crowded, tense, forum across whose stages are walking the most powerful characters in current history. In these two days, my colleagues and myself, with what is mortally left of ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, have come to this peaceful place; quiet and lovely; a land of far horizons where the landscape continually unrolls until it meets the bending sky, a contrast in every way, mentally, spiritually, and in the physical aspect, from those scenes we left two days ago. A modern master of English has described that contrast in language, which so well befits the occasion, and the man we brought back to you, and the difference between these two worlds, that I shall repeat these words of Kipling:

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

Remarks by Representative Springer *Of Indiana*

Mr. SPEAKER: With a deep sense of the great personal loss that we have sustained, I rise to add by humble tribute to the life, character, and achievements of my warm and devoted friend, the late ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, of Kansas. I express my deep gratitude for this high privilege of expressing by testimony the very high esteem and the deep and abiding affection with which our colleague of former days was held by the Members of the House of Representatives, and with that treasured memory I speak these few chosen words of my colleague. May I say that Judge GUYER, as we affectionately called him, was a good citizen, an outstanding American patriot, an outstanding statesman, and a fine and loyal friend.

Representative GUYER was born in Indiana. Later, with his parents, he went to Kansas where he grew into manhood; there he attended the public schools, and there he met and knew the people; he loved the people of his great State, and there he became a teacher, a lawyer, the mayor of his great city and later the people sent him as their representative in the National Halls of Congress.

I first met him, when I came to Congress, as a member of the Judiciary Committee, in the House. In our work on that committee we became fast friends. Quite soon I recognized in him those rare qualities which especially appeal to us; he was a man of high character, whose honesty and sincerity of purpose was never doubted. I knew him in those intimacies of a favored friend, in which those closer contacts are forever reserved for but a few, and I knew him in the stress of turmoil and anguish when the constant concern was that our country survive, and that our people go forward as a free and enlightened race. His constant endeavor was to aid all

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of the people in this Nation; he loved our form of government; he was a true patriot.

Great men live after they make their exit from the stage of life. Their acts and deeds establish a precedent which others follow. I will long cherish the memory of Judge GUYER—my friend—for his unswerving Americanism, for his unabated struggle for the people he loved, and for his sterling character. With these ideals he lived—and with them he died. Thus the brilliant career of a brilliant man was terminated.

He needs no encomium. His life and his living of it stand before us as a beacon light for honor and for good. I bid my final farewell to him—my friend—and we are assured—

Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own!

Remarks by Representative Lemke
Of North Dakota

MR. SPEAKER: We are met here today to honor the memory of our departed colleagues and friends—to listen to the roll call of those who have been taken from our midst. It has been the good fortune of each of us to know some of these Members intimately—our misfortune to know others not so intimately. We all know that they all strove to make their State and Nation a better place to live in; to make this a better world for their having been.

We know that they were but human—part of us. They did not claim to be infallible. They knew that human wisdom was limited. They strove with the light they had in a war-mad world. They, too, hoped for a just and permanent peace. They strove for perfection knowing that that goal could not be reached—but approached.

In honoring these dead we honor ourselves. We honor them not as partisans but as colleagues and fellow citizens of a great Nation. Partisanship ends at the grave. All earthly strife and difference of opinion comes to an end at the tomb. When the line that divides life and death has been passed, strife ends and there is perfect and permanent peace.

Let us hope that the spirits of our departed friends are present with us here today. Let us hope that they will guide us to ever higher ideals not only here on the floor of this House, but throughout the Nation and throughout the civilized world.

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Remarks by Representative Taber

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: Soon after I came to the House, SAMUEL GUYER came in to the House from the Kansas City district of Kansas, and continued there until his death a year ago.

He was a man of high courage, an indefatigable worker of sound judgment, and one who could always be depended upon to vote and talk his convictions. He was an orator of rare ability and on many public occasions he was called upon to deliver the oration.

The loss of such a man results in a void which is always hard to fill.

Remarks by Representative Scribner
of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: No person can fill the vacancy left by the death of ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER. One can but succeed him—succeed him on the floor of this House in humble recognition of inadequacy.

In succeeding U. S. GUYER, his achievements, record, and conduct are the star upon which my course has been, and will be, guided.

At home, in Kansas City, Kans., which city he at one time served as mayor, he was affectionately known as "Judge," "SAM," or "U. S." He loved mankind, and was beloved by all who knew him. I have seen him on many occasions, as he made his way up and down our streets, stopping for a kind and pleasant word with all he met—in the shops and stores, on the corners, at the court house, with always a pleasant greeting whether it was the laborer in overalls, or the man in business. SAM GUYER was a friendly man, as you who served with him well know.

Upon my graduation from Kansas University Judge GUYER took me into his law office—and his heart—putting it all at my disposal and asking no favor in return. It was there, from him, that I first learned to really know the Constitution—to know it as a live, vital force. Thus knowing it I came to love it, and, loving it, I have determined, as Judge GUYER before me had done, to defend it to the fullest of my ability against all attackers.

As a student of History, and especially of American History, he was without peer in this body. To him every historical character was a personal friend. I am sure that upon many occasions he must have held converse and communion with Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, Lincoln.

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Before the days of the microphone, I have heard Judge GUYER hold huge audiences spellbound with the power of his oratory—his mastery of diction and the music of his voice—bringing smiles and tears, joy and sadness, and deep conviction to his listeners. He was an artist with words—more than that, he was a virtuoso.

As a Christian gentleman, SAM GUYER never felt any hesitancy about rejoining his Master. His death was merely the return of the son to his Father's house.

In the passing of ULYSSES S. GUYER, Congress and the Nation lost a statesman; Kansas—though he was born in Illinois—lost a great Kansan. Mrs. Guyer lost a loving husband; all of us who knew him lost a sincere friend; and, added to that, my personal loss was that of a wise counselor and guide.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

Remarks by Representative Carlson *Of Kansas*

Mr. SPEAKER. On the occasion of the passing away of Hon. U. S. GUYER on June 5, 1943, I expressed here in the House of Representatives the loss and bereavement of all of us who were associated with him in any way.

Today, in memoriam, we again pay tribute to the departed one. In the passing of ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER the House of Representatives lost one of its outstanding Members. For 20 years he represented the Second Congressional District of Kansas, and he represented it well.

My service in the House began in the Seventy-fourth Congress, and during the years of our legislative association I learned to love him and to hold his opinions in highest regard. As his office was only a few doors from mine, often did we counsel and visit together.

He was a man of wide information and of unquestioned integrity. He was a faithful attendant of the sessions of the House, and only upon rare occasions was he absent from his accustomed place. He was strong in the belief that the principles of government advocated by the political party with which he was identified were most likely to advance the prosperity and happiness of the people, and he sturdily advocated his beliefs. His views were not altered by shifting majorities or changes of political sentiment. He stood as firm and unyielding as the oak, and I am one of those who believe that the country is better served by one who is fearless and honest in his convictions.

As a young man Mr. GUYER followed the profession of teaching and was principal of the St. John High School and superintendent of the city schools of St. John for several years. These were among his most enjoyable years, and his love for the community was so great that he selected

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St. John as his final resting place. When he gave up teaching he took up the practice of law in Kansas City, Kans., where he enjoyed a lucrative practice for many years. In recognition of his ability and sterling character the citizens of Kansas City elected him mayor, and he also served as judge of the first division city court of Kansas City.

Judge GUYER, as his friends were wont to call him, was a modest and lovable man. I knew him before I came to Congress, but during the years I worked with him in the House, I came to know him intimately and to cherish his friendship. His services to the country were most valuable. He commanded the respect of all men, the good will of opponents, the deep affection of his friends. He will linger long in the memory of many men who respected, admired, and loved him.

Remarks by Representative Winter
Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER. We meet today to pay tribute to our colleagues who, during the past year, have passed on to greater reward. Among this group is the name of the Honorable U. S. GUYER, Representative from the Second Congressional District of Kansas.

Judge GUYER was the dean of the Kansas delegation in the House of Representatives. In his passing Kansas and the Nation lost a valuable servant. His life has been one of devotion and service, not only to the people of his Congressional District and the State of Kansas but to the entire Nation as well. He was a scholar, a jurist, a statesman, and, above all, a Christian gentleman, and he exemplified in his daily life those Christian virtues. The lovable character that he possessed endeared him to the hearts of his many friends.

It was my privilege and good fortune to have known him intimately, and today I pay my tribute of love and respect to this fine character who guided me with a fatherly hand and gave me the benefit of his broad experience in my first term as a Member of the House of Representatives.

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Remarks by Representative Elmer

Of Missouri

MR. SPEAKER: This is the second memorial service I have attended in this House. Both were impressive. I listened to the eloquent addresses of a year ago and of today and I observed to myself, how fitting.

I knew our deceased colleagues for only a short time and cannot appraise them like those who have known them longer. I accept the appraisal of their worth, made by their people who sent them here on the mission to serve our common country.

On the surface, it sometimes seems, there is more strife than unity, and when one falls by the wayside his place is so quickly taken by another we forget the comrade of yesterday in greeting the one of today. But not so. The greatest thing in this House is the fellowship among its Members and their respect for each other. The strife comes from the earnestness of each to serve his country in his own way. Such fellowship cannot exist in any body of 435 Members which does not have a common purpose. If all were melted into one mass and poured into one mold there would emerge the image of Uncle Sam—the symbol of our united country. We remember them day by day, and on this annual occasion, show to our fellow Americans we have not forgotten.

When Columbus discovered America he saw a light burning on the shore. It was a signal from the New World to the Old, symbolical of the light of liberty that has burned here ever since. God had erected in our country His great lighthouse of freedom—evermore. It has sent its rays to all parts of the world. It has never lost its power, but has grown increasingly bright and strong as the years roll by.

Our deceased brothers, when alive, stood guard over this gift of God and with us have kept the lamps trimmed and the lower lights burning along the shore. They must be kept here, else freedom and liberty would be extinguished from the earth.

Remarks by Representative Dickstein

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: ULYSSES S. GUYER became a member of the Special Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities which was created in 1934. This committee, as you know, made an investigation, for the first time in American history, of Nazi and Fascist propaganda with a view of providing proper remedies and enacting legislation which would put an end to such pernicious activities on the part of the enemies of this Nation.

Judge GUYER was made a member of this committee and thereby afforded me the unusual pleasure and distinction of close association with him.

Now GUYER is gone. His views will no longer be heard in this Chamber. His friends and associates mourn his passing, and I feel that his untimely death is a very great personal loss.

Judge Guyer was one of the finest orators on the floor of this House. Not only by expressing his views in a very forceful and eloquent language, but in the depth of his very thorough knowledge of things, his expressions of opinion shown with unusual clarity and conviction. We who were privileged to listen to him as he addressed this House on the many subjects which engaged our attention through the years, cannot forget the fine speeches he made on matters involving our national welfare and the lot of the common man. His manner was convincing, his delivery entertaining, and his arguments unanswerable.

Judge Guyer was one of those members whom we are wont to designate as nature's gentlemen. One of those who will leave a lasting impression on our colleagues with whom he has been associated for many years. His life was a life of untiring devotion and he had a varied public career. He was

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a lawyer and gained honors in this profession, being elected as judge of the city court of **Kansas City** early in his career. He was an educator of note and served as a high-school principal and superintendent of schools in his native State of **Kansas**. He was the mayor of **Kansas City** and he was an active fraternalist, being a **Mason** and a member of the **Scottish Rite**.

He was a grand gentleman of the old school and while progressive in his thought and progressive in action, he believed in the conservative principles of our **Constitution** and was opposed to any centralization of powers in **Washington**. He was thoroughly religious, devoted to the service of **God** and man, believing in immortality of the soul, and I am sure that by his death he has reaped the reward of upright and honorable life and the commendation of the **Great Architect** of the universe, who, in the words of the **Bible**, said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter now into thy reward."

Remarks by Representative Rankin

Of Mississippi

MR. SPEAKER: We all mourn the passing of our distinguished colleague from Kansas, the Honorable U. S. GUYER.

He was an able, affable, learned, and eloquent representative of that great western commonwealth that has sent so many worthy and distinguished sons to the Congress of the United States.

The first time I ever heard him speak he made a lasting impression on me. It was during the memorial services for his immediate predecessor, Hon. Edward C. Little. Mr. GUYER ran against Mr. Little for the nomination for Congress in the Republican primary in 1916, and out of 21,000 ballots cast, Mr. Little was nominated by 1 vote. He was elected that fall, came to Congress and served with distinction until his death in 1924. Mr. GUYER was elected to succeed him, and during the memorial services to Mr. Little on February 1, 1925, Mr. GUYER paid him the following eloquent, inspiring, and enlightening tribute, which I should like to appropriate and dedicate to the memory of Mr. GUYER himself as my farewell expression on the life and character of a valued and cherished friend.

It reads as follows:

MR. GUYER. Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House, my predecessor, Col. Edward C. Little, was born 3 years prior to the beginning of the Civil War. His lifetime embraced all the great and stirring crises of the past three-quarters of a century.

Drawn by the magnet of the western sea, his parents joined that endless caravan that swept toward the frontier just at the close of the Civil War. That colossal conflict had set in motion energies we did not suspect we possessed, and created giants in both armies that have challenged the admiration of all the world. Those mighty energies that filtered out of the wreck and stress of that war, like electricity generated by some huge dynamo, had to be diverted

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into some adequate and engrossing channel to absorb the shock of the restless and reckless spirits born of that tumult of elemental passions.

Fortunately, at that time we had the richest and greatest frontier on earth, and the brawny arms that contended in that mighty struggle were bared to the shoulder to fling back the frontier toward the western sunset. At that time bluegrass, the symbol and signal of civilization, had then only timidly invaded the valleys of the Kaw and Marais des Cygnes. The embers of Lawrence were hardly cold, and its hatred still glowed with white-hot rage, when Edward C. Little, then a lad of seven summers, came to live in the district which he afterward represented with signal distinction for nearly a decade.

The soil of that historic district was stained with the first blood that was sacrificed in the great conflict, when the scenes of that struggle were shifted from the forensic battles in these halls to the plains and primeval forests of virgin Kansas. As far as Kansas and that district were concerned, the issues of the war were decided before the thunders of Sumter had awakened the smoldering fires of 1861. The question of nationality was settled there long before the guns of Gettysburg had justified the faith of Washington and Hamilton, and of Webster and John Marshall, in the indissoluble integrity of the Federal Union. The names of Lawrence, LeCompton, and Osawatomie were on the lips of the Nation when Shiloh and Chickamauga slumbered in the repose of obscurity.

The father of Edward C. Little, himself a Union soldier, settled on the very soil made historic in that brutal border warfare, at the juncture and blending of the Oregon and the old Santa Fe trails—the two most historic and romantic trails that ever mapped the frontiers of the earth. And thus it was that Colonel Little, then a child, saw the pageantry of the plains. With his childish eyes he beheld that winding, white-crowned caravan, under the protection of whose panoply the embryo of an empire was borne out upon the Great Plains. With his boyish feet he walked upon that dusty path over which Anglo-Saxon genius staggered out onto the great American desert to build an unshackled civilization. Here in the twilight he saw the blue campfire smoke rise like the sky in solution, and heard the pæan of the prairies—the hymn of the plains:

“To the West! To the West! To the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man if he’s willing to toil,
And the humble may gather the fruit of the soil.”

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At that time Kansas City was a guard at the gates of the wilderness, a sentinel on the fringe of the desert. Wichita had not yet surprised the desert, nor Dodge invaded the wilderness. The great wheatfields of the Kansas of today were the habitat of countless buffalo and the hunting ground of the savage. While eastern Kansas wore the aspect of organized society, just over the horizon to the west was the virgin prairie sea.

To that frontier, besides the Kaw, came James Butler Hickock, better known in the unwritten epic of the prairies as "Wild Bill." He settled near the Little homestead. He was a Scotchman whose ancestors came to Vermont a century and a half ago and fought by the side of Ethan Allen. He had been a Union scout in the Civil War; and so soon after Appomattox there was not that cordial relation between those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray which exists today between the gentleman from Ohio, General Sherwood, and the gentleman from North Carolina, Major Stedman. His Missouri neighbors burned his habitation twice, when he decided that farming was not a congenial occupation. So, finally, in after years, he settled down to the gentle art of keeping the peace when Wichita, Abilene, Hays, and Dodge City were engaged in a contest to decide which was the toughest town on earth—each in its turn deserved the title.

Colonel Little wrote a number of historical sketches concerning frontier life on the border in Kansas. One of these sketches, written about 20 years ago, was entitled "A Son of the Border." It is a spirited recital of that great frontiersman's career, and illustrates the skill of Colonel Little as an author. Permit me to quote the closing paragraph:

"Homer sang Achilles into 30 centuries of renown. The deeds of many frontiersmen excel the Greek's. David did his own singing and came out with a great reputation. Yet I doubt not that the McKandlas gang would have made Goliath look like an amateur. Ivanhoe in his iron kettle with his long lance killing the neighbors for love of God and lady never surpassed the courage and sacrifice of Wild Bill and his comrades. But the dime novelist has been their biographer and cheap notoriety their reward. They deserve a statelier history and a sweeter requiem. With all their faults they were brave and gallant gentlemen and made it possible for quiet men to bring decent women and establish American homes on the plains and in the mountains. Wild Bill's adventures should have come to the knowledge of that fine old Scotchman who delighted in the blare of bugles, the clash of arms, and the tale of chivalry.

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Walter Scott would have made this great scout and peace officer a hero of romance and a prince of the border."

This demonstrates that Colonel Little was really a gifted writer, and had he confined his efforts to literature he would no doubt have achieved a high place in the literary world. He was a traveler of note. His activities took him to the ends of the earth—as consul general to Cairo, Egypt, in 1892; to the Philippine Islands in the Spanish-American War; and over the American Continent in later life. Had he reduced to writing his varied experiences and published his literary endeavors, I have no doubt that he would have immortalized his name in the world of letters. And what lives longer than a book? A Kansas bard, "Ironquill," expressed that thought better than anyone else:

"With granite once a genius bridged a stream;
A builder once a rugged temple wrought;
On canvas once a painter fixed a thought;
A sculptor once in marble carved a dream;
A queen once built a tomb, and in the scheme
Of gold and bronze the quivering sunbeams caught;
Then came oblivion, unseen, unsought—
Contemptuous of thinker and of theme.

"And someone wrote a book. Palace and hall
Are gone. Marble and bronze are dust. The fanes
Are fallen which the sungold sought. The rook,
At morn, caws garrulously over all.
All! All are gone. The book alone remains.
Man builds no structure which outlives a book."

Colonel Little's literary efforts were not confined to prose, for in his earlier life he wrote much superior verse. At the University of Kansas he was a leader in Greek-letter circles, being a member of one of the Greek-letter fraternities, and one of his poems of college days celebrates the fraternal ties of those college orders.

"THE GREEKS

"O college days that speed on wing so strong,
O college joys that last not long, not long,
O college friends from whom we soon shall sever.
O college friendships made for aye and ever,
O dreams of youth so sweet, so frail, so fleeting,
'Neath touch of time and care so swift retreating—

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"To you the goblets clink,
Greek pledged to Greek we drink;
Eternal be the link
That binds our hearts in one.
Long mystic flames shall dance
'Neath warm fraternal glance,
Till life's last set of sun.

"From where the sunshine glistens
On mantle fair of snow,
To where old Ætna listens
To sullen depths below;
From where the morn's fair fingers
Throw ope the gates of day,
To where the daylight lingers
No more on crested spray;
O'er man and stream and hillside,
O'er all the shadows fall;
But the sunlight softly lingers
Round the dear old chapter hall.

"Aside our foes we fling,
Greek pledged to Greek we sing,
Till wall and rafter ring,
'Nor time nor space shall sever.'
The sparkling wine we quaff,
At fate and hate we laugh,
God bless the Greeks forever!"

Traveling in old Mexico he found an old temple in ruins over whose moss-covered portal was written:

"Haec est Domus Dei
Et Porta Coeli."

From this suggestion he wrote a most beautiful poem, entitled "Domus et Porta," which I will here quote:

"With moss and ivy grown,
It marks the sacred stone,
Let it stand.
It was carved by men of old,
Who have long been still and cold,
'Neath Mexis sand.

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"For, you see, it's my belief
That the Domus is a reef
In the sea;
That the Porta is a dream,
Like the lights I thought did gleam
Through to me.

"I long had hope and faith,
Yet my hope was just a wraith—
For the hour;
And my prayers have gone to seed,
As a withered, ragged weed
Without flower.

"Yet still I feel the need
Of Domus, port and creed,
And a friend;
For I've neither fear nor hope,
While I sadly, blindly grope
Toward the end.

"When sinners throng the aisle,
I see them read and smile
At the shrine.
But each carries in his heart,
In a secret place, apart,
That old line:

" 'This is the house of God,
This, where sinners' feet have trod
O'er the floor,
And praise Him, 'tis Heaven's Gate,
Oh, weak one, be not too late,
At the door.'

"Though I do not enter in,
I dislike the scoffer's grin
At the scroll.
For perhaps the priest was right,
With his home and gate, so trite,
For a goal.

"Nor you nor I should sneer
At what is written here
In ancient bookish tongue.
Who knows, not I nor you,
If perchance the tale be true
That priest and martyr sung?

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"What is graven on the stone,
Let us leave it, lads, alone
With its dead.
It, on souls that toll and grieve,
If they only can believe,
Hope doth shed.

"Once there came a learned priest,
Holy man from Spanish east—
With all uncovered head
Bore the cross of Christ as far
Through the smoke and flame of war,
As Cortez dared to tread.

"Laughed at famine, laughed in scorn,
At the fears from danger born,
His garments gray,
Led the boldest in the fight—
To armed soldier, plumed knight
Showed the way.

"He might have broken lances under beauty's witching glances,
Where, on an army's banners, the laughing sunshine dances,
O'er the plain.
He might have been the counselor of Castile's proudest king,
Or won the cloak of cardinal where ten thousand anthems ring,
In distant Spain.

"But he chose the sacred service
Of the Child of Nazareth,
Risked for Him his manhood's prime,
Poverty and death.
Here he built the great cathedral,
This his tomb:
His princely soul was crowned here—
Beyond the gate there's room.

"Here he rests, his task is done,
Here he lies, his peace is won;
Let him rest.
Who knows but 'tis of God's own,
And he's close beside the throne,
A welcome guest?

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"Then bow low your Saxon head,
Softly speak and lightly tread,
'Neath words so grand.
To carve the line that stands above,
He gave up life and fame and love.
He believed it—let it stand.

"Haec est Domus Dei:
This is the House of God;
Et Porta Coeli:
This the gate His martyrs trod."

I am sure that all will agree that this poem displays no ordinary poetic gift. I regret that time does not permit me to speak of his gift of oratory, but Members of the House are familiar with that. Few men have had such a wide diversity of talent, and few have excelled in such varied lines. He was diplomat, poet, orator, soldier, lawyer, and statesman—preeminent in all. He drained life's brimming cup to its dregs in living his great and purposeful career, and is now gone to join that vast majority where the question of quorum is never raised.

Colonel Little had his faults, "Even as you and I," but his friends wrote them on the shifting, inconstant sands, where the forgiveness of wind and wave has washed them all away. He always retained something of the brutal frankness of the frontier, something of the brusqueness of the old border; softened only slightly by university training and masked but thinly by a highly cultivated mind. This abruptness of manner often withheld from him the credit that was due. Here in Congress he raveled out his life like a prodigal spend-thrift in the service of his country, which a none too grateful Republic may never properly appreciate.

No eulogy of Colonel Little would be complete without a parenthesis including the heroic devotion of Edna Steele Little, the partner of all his triumphs, the comrade of his struggles, and the colleague of his labors. He has left to her and their son the priceless heritage of a good name and the record of a life full of devotion to his country, his family, and his friends.

What a pitiable little span is human life. When viewed from its troubled surface, what a strange and pathetic tragedy. Yesterday, the warm, sweet current of life; today, still, in the chill of death. Yesterday, the thrill of preeminence and superiority; today, the democratic equality of the dust. For death, like love, levels all

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rank. There is no caste in the dominion of the sepulcher. Death is the universal decree. The earth itself is but one vast mausoleum. We touch it not without desecrating a myriad sepulcher. The very rocks that wall us in are but the archives of life that throbbed in long-forgotten ages. All that lives must die.

"The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn.
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden at last in the depths of the grave."

But it is said that there is no life without death and that in nature death is the prophecy of life.

"Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?"

Bryant says of the migratory bird:

"There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and inimitable air—
Lone wondering, but not lost."

* * * * *

"He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright,"

The bird that sunward guides its flight does not know that eternal summer smiles beneath the tropic sun, but when the bird arrives there the summer is. The instinct with which we cling to life and which inheres in us like the cosmic urge of the bird, and Nature does not deceive her children.

I know of no better manner of closing this faltering eulogy of your friend and mine than by quoting a little poem by that great dramatic critic, the later William Winter. Several years ago Mr. Winter was very ill and close to the gates of death. After his recovery he wrote this little poem, and in my humble opinion no sweeter honey of its kind has dripped from the hive of genius since Tennyson wrote *The Crossing of the Bar*. In the calm philosophy of Him who walked by the tideless sea I can well imagine Colonel

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Little facing death echoing the thought of William Winter as expressed in this little poem:

"One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born
Shall soar away!

"One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous death shall show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

"One motion—and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then onward, whatsoe'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor sin nor sorrow, love nor hate
Can touch me there."

And, finally, if I were to mark his last resting place out there beneath the sod of the prairies he loved so well, I would mark it as another great Kansan's grave is marked—with a granite boulder inscribed with a classic from his own pen.

Upon that rugged boulder I would let Colonel Little write his own epitaph, a stanza from his poem which I have just quoted:

"Here he rests, his task is done,
Here he lies, his peace is won;
Let him rest.
Who knows but 'tis of God's own
And he's close beside the throne,
A welcome guest?"

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *June 7, 1943.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Lord, our Lord, our natures are teeming with tendencies, desires, and ambitions; we therefore pray Thee to come richly into our hearts that we may be wisely directed. Help us to guard our wandering wills, subdue all threatening passions, and let our minds mingle with quietness, restraint, and courage. May we look with increasing gratitude upon our country, beautifully comforting, nobly sustaining, and dynamically inspiring. We praise Thee that we are American citizens, blessed under our Constitution with political, civil, and religious liberty. Enable us to realize fully that eternal vigilance is the price of everything sacred to our hearts; help us ever to hold aloft freedom's holy light. We pray that an aroused public opinion may put the garment of shame upon anyone who seeks to betray his country under the deceptive guise of patriotic motive. He who refuses to surrender a little temporary liberty for essential safety deserves neither liberty nor safety. Almighty God, we pray for our distinguished Commander in Chief, the coordinate branches of our Government, and for every individual citizen that the sacred rights of a free people may ever be safeguarded.

Thou who hast laid on the altar of the world the divinest love, we wait in appreciative memory of one who has left the folds of the Congress. Modest, yet with patriotic zeal, he served the state with ability and fidelity. Blessings upon her, the devoted companion of his years. Through Christ. Amen.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my very sad duty to announce officially to the House the passing at about 5 o'clock on Saturday morning of our colleague ULYSSES S. GUYER, of the Second District of Kansas. According to our

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rank in service, this would have been the duty of my colleague the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Hopel], but he has accompanied the funeral train.

Mr. GUYER was the dean of the Kansas delegation. He served an unexpired term in the Sixty-eighth Congress, was not a candidate in the Sixty-ninth, but came here with the Seventieth, and has been a continuous Member since. The last few years he has served exclusively on the Judiciary Committee, of which at his passing he was the ranking minority member.

Mr. GUYER was born in Illinois, educated in the three States of Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas, attended the old historic Lane University at Leocompton, was principal and superintendent of the schools at St. John, Kans., in the late nineties, studied law following that and located in Kansas City, Kans., where over 30 years ago he was elected mayor. He failed to receive the congressional nomination in 1916 by 1 vote, and later succeeded Colonel Little, who defeated him at that time.

Mr. GUYER was a lover and a devout student of American history. He belonged to the old school, which we regret is not more prevalent today, in his emphasis on the historical and his eloquence in expressing it on many occasions.

One of the little sidelights of his versatile character was his great interest in the Christy picture of the signing of the Constitution. He went frequently where Mr. Christy was painting to watch the progress of the picture and always showed it to his visiting friends.

One of the most outstanding and enviable characteristics of our friend was his friendliness itself. He possessed a culture of friendliness that was beyond the average. His morning visits of a minute to his colleagues' offices were always welcome. He brought cheer, pleasantry and never stayed to interfere with one's work.

It is especially interesting that his written request is being carried out that he should be buried at St. John, Kans., the place which he left over 40 years ago. He had taken a wonderfully personal interest in every pupil who had been under

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his supervision in 5 years. He corresponded with many of them, and sent them little interesting things through all the years. He will be buried out there tomorrow among the boys and girls who were closest to his heart.

In the House Memorial Service April 21, in 1936, he spoke for the minority. These were his opening words:

Veneration for the sepulcher and reverence for the dead belong to the most ancient instincts of the human race. To respect and to honor the memory and dust of our ancestors is common alike to the savage and the civilized. This inclination to consecrate the grave and to enshrine the memory of our departed ancestors may have been and doubtless was the beginning of the worship of Diety, for in that black night of prehistoric darkness the human soul reached out toward the only symbol of Diety it possessed—its earthly parentage.

Thus today, both in harmony with the precedents of the House and the customs of mankind, we meet to honor those who have gone to that "undiscovered country" and who for a brief time were associated with us in this forum fashioned by our fathers in the Constitution. This day the discord of party passion divides us not. Individual interests and personal ambitions are forgotten. The battle for supremacy and the struggle for precedence sleep for the moment like those we mourn. All that is sordid, all that is ignoble in this game of politics retreats in silence from the presence of death.

There are no minority views in this committee's report. It is accepted by unanimous consent without debate. That report constitutes the epitaph of the seven strong men who are the objects of this memorial. Their work in this forum is finished. Their record is completed. Their roll calls have all been answered. Their speeches have all been uttered. Their offices have been vacated by the decree of fate. Soon others will occupy their places and the current of life will resume its accustomed course.

It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of life in which one surrenders his peace of mind, his tranquility of soul and life under his own vine and fig tree for a disappointing, disillusioning ignis fatuus in the morass of public life. Yet, arduous as the duties are, we are loath to leave its unrivaled associations.

I think the expressions of my friend and yours are more interesting to recall now than anything that I might say myself. Mr. GUYER seemed to be at his best not only on that

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memorial occasion but also that same summer when they dedicated the beautiful new courthouse in Kansas City, Kans. I close, quoting him further on that occasion:

Who built this symbol? The pioneer who came in the yesterdays of turmoil and danger. The pioneer here on the edge of the Santa Fe and the Oregon Trails, the two most romantic trails that ever blazed the path of empire. They built it in the campfire where danger haunted their bivouac. They built it in the fields where disappointment mocked and gaunt famine stalked. They built it in the little red schoolhouse where the children loved their books.

Thousands who sleep beneath the sod of the soil they loved so well built it in the sweat of their brows and in the fiber of their brain. They and more built it. The workman in the factory on the river brink built it and made it sacred with his sweat and possible with his labor. They and more built it. The mother's at the hearthstone and at the cradle built it; built it in the fathomless blue of their babies' eyes. They and more built it. Generations yet unborn built it in the hopes of their fathers and mothers that are to be, for they, too, by and by, will help to pay for it. The past with its struggles built it. The present with its problems built it. The future with its hopes and fears built it, built it in love of country and mankind.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Martin].

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, the death of our beloved colleague, Judge ULYSSES S. GUYER brings universal regret and sorrow. For 20 years, he was a conspicuous and valued Member of this House, and during this long period of service, he commanded our respect and admiration.

He was a scholar, jurist, statesman, and public benefactor. He was an ardent advocate of many causes, like women's rights and prohibition, which stirred deep controversies and emotions. But he was ever the perfect, courteous gentleman, who recognized the sincerity of those who found themselves in opposition to his views.

Judge GUYER had a vast fund of knowledge of the history of our country. He was a close student of the great men and women, whose genius and sacrifice made possible this great Republic of ours.

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He knew intimately the story of the building of the great West; the pushing back of the frontiers of our country. His story of Lincoln's trip through Kansas, a year before he made his Cooper Union speech in New York, was a fascinating revelation of a part of the life of Lincoln not generally known. He was an outstanding authority on the life of the Great Emancipator, as he was on many of our other great American men and women. It was always an intellectual treat to listen to his stories and recitals of the early days of our national life. He was an outstanding member of the legal profession and a sturdy supporter of the Constitution and the American way of life.

We suspend today our legislative battles, we lay aside our struggles that we may unite in doing honor to a great statesman and an outstanding public servant.

We join with his good wife in mourning the loss of this fine American statesman. With sadness we bid U. S. GUYER farewell. But our sorrow is somewhat eased by the knowledge that the worthy life he led will bring him happiness and contentment in the other world to which all of us must go eventually.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I now yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. McCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, the death of our late friend and colleague, ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, leaves another gap in our ranks, taking from our midst one of our ablest, most experienced, and beloved Members. A man of character, of sincerity of thought and purpose, of devotion to duty, a gentleman at all times, his sweet, charming personality will be missed by all who knew him. During his years of service in this body he made many contributions to the progress of our country. He has left his favorable imprint upon the pages of time.

One of his greatest contributions as a legislator in this body was his service as the ranking minority member of the special

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committee of 1934 that investigated subversive activities, of which committee I was chairman. His contribution to the work of that committee and its legislative recommendations was an important factor in the success of the committee. Out of that committee's investigations came a bill compelling propagandists of a foreign government or foreign principals in this country to register. That bill has been termed the most important legislation of its type in the past 50 years. The country is indebted to Judge GUYER for the effective contributions he made in the drafting and passage of this important legislation.

This illustrates the constructive mind he possessed, and further that he exercised his mind in a constructive manner. It will take a long time for those who knew him to adjust themselves to his permanent journey into the Great Beyond. His death is a great loss to the Nation and to his State, both of which he loved intensely.

His passing is also a great loss to the people of his district that he represented so ably, as well as to those who served with him in this body.

In the irreparable loss that Mrs. Guyer has sustained, I know that all of the Members of the House join with me in expressing and extending to her our profound sympathy in her bereavement.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Carlson].

Mr. CARLSON of Kansas. Mr. Speaker, in the death of ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER we have lost a true and real friend. He will be missed greatly in the House of Representatives, of which body he was a valued member for 16 years. I will especially miss the Judge, as he was commonly called by his friends. My office is located only a few doors from his and seldom did a day pass that he failed to stop in for a few minutes' visit. He was a good visitor and always did I find his conversations interesting and instructive. Although Illi-

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nois was his native State, most of his life had been spent in his adopted state of Kansas, which he loved with the utmost devotion, and which he watched and helped develop into the great State that it is today. He knew Kansas history as few men know it, and when my memory needed brushing up on early-day history of our State it was Judge GUYER with whom I consulted.

While he was a friend to all, he was especially kind and considerate of the new Members. Well I remember when I first came to Congress. I was acquainted with the functions of the State legislature but knew little of the procedure of Federal legislation. He seemed to take a great deal of satisfaction from taking me under his wing and helping to analyze the situation, and for his suggested courses of action and rounded advice I am deeply grateful. Through his many acts of kindness he endeared himself to all.

A few days previous to his death I chanced to meet the young lady who has been in his employ for several years. In discussing the condition of his health, which we knew was precarious, she remarked, "The country cannot afford to lose men like Mr. GUYER." She knew him for his sterling qualities; how he had always been found fighting for the things that mean so much for the betterment of humanity. The morning following his death an employee of the House Office Building, not a secretary or a clerk in a congressional office, but an employee of the building, stopped me and said: "How I regretted to learn of the death of Mr. GUYER. I come to work at 7:30, and nearly every morning I would meet Mr. GUYER on the way to his office. He was never in too great a hurry to stop and exchange greetings with me. He was always the same friendly, lovable man, and I deeply regret his death." Everyone who met him felt the influence of his good will, of his great desire to render to each one the courtesy and recognition of his right as a member of society to which he was entitled.

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In his early years Mr. GUYER was an educator, and in this field he was most successful. While following the teaching profession he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in Kansas City, Kans., in 1902. His sterling character and his firm stand on the right side of all moral issues won him the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. This respect and confidence was displayed by the people of his home town in 1909 and again in 1910, when he was elected mayor of Kansas City, the largest city in Kansas.

Today I am glad I was privileged to enjoy his close friendship and confidence. This I cherish as a bright spot during my years of service in the House.

In his passing, not only the Second Congressional District of the State of Kansas, but the Congress and the country suffered a real loss.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Winter].

Mr. WINTER. Mr. Speaker, it is difficult indeed for me to express my feelings here today and pay adequate tribute to the dearest friend that I had in the Congress of the United States, SAM GUYER. In 1938, when I was elected to Congress, in November, I did not know much about what I had been elected to. I had never had any legislative experience. A few mornings after the election was over I received a telephone call. On the other end of the line the voice said "This is U. S. GUYER speaking from Kansas City. I am going down into the south part of my district tomorrow, and I would like to have you come and meet me. I had never had the privilege of meeting you." I knew Judge GUYER only by reputation as one of the leading citizens of Kansas and of the Nation. So I drove to his little town and listened to Judge GUYER make the first speech I ever heard him make. After he had finished he took me in his automobile and we drove out to the edge of the town. He parked the car and there explained to me some of the things that I would be

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faced with when I came to Washington, and offered me his help. He told me about the necessity of filing on an office, which I knew nothing about, and he told me about how to get supplies, and said that I should arrange for a place to live in Washington—that I probably would have trouble getting a good place to live. He told me that he was returning to Washington within a few days and would be glad to look after those details for me. When I arrived in Washington Judge GUYER had filed on an office for me and arranged for living quarters for me at the same hotel where he and Mrs. Guyer resided.

My acquaintance with Judge GUYER grew into a beautiful friendship, and his death to me is a great loss and the House of Representatives, no matter how long I serve, will never be the same. There never was an evening that I did not see Judge GUYER at the hotel. We sat and discussed many problems of interest to both of us and he gave me much timely advice. On several occasions when I was ill it was Judge GUYER who would come to my room and bring me the little things that make a person feel that someone cares about how you are progressing. Today words fail me to say anything about Judge GUYER, except that to me he was just like a father. He was a Christian gentleman—a truly Christian gentleman. He exemplified in his daily life those Christian virtues. We all know that. The lovable character that he possessed and his way of meeting his friends has endeared him to the hearts of every Member of this House.

I can say to Mrs. Guyer that she need have no fear about the voyage upon which her beloved husband has embarked. As I sat with him less than 3 weeks ago he told me that he knew the end might be near, but that he was prepared to meet it. He said to me then, "Young man, get yourself prepared to enter that which we call eternity and you will not worry about what the future will bring for you."

To my good friend, Judge GUYER, I can only say bon voyage.

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Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas, Judge Sumners, the distinguished chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. SUMNERS of Texas. Mr. Speaker, as the House knows, Mr. GUYER was for a long time the ranking Republican on the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives. The relationship among the members of that committee is very close. We are friends; we develop a spirit of mutual respect for each other's views. There is practically no partisanship in that committee. I feel as close to the members on the Republican side as I do the members on the Democratic side. As chairman I discuss matters of public interest with them just as freely and receive the same sort of cooperation. This has been possible in no small degree because of the fine Americanism of our distinguished Member, whose recent going away has brought sadness to us all; a deep sense of individual, personal loss. Judge GUYER was a modest man. He had a correct conception of the size of man, the relative littleness of man in the great economy. Mr. GUYER had great respect for public opinion, but he was not one of those people in political life who was dependent for happiness upon popular applause and upon place and position for himself, but he measured success by the standard of usefulness in his day and generation. He never posed or pretended. He realized that we all are creatures here on this earth but for a moment; not so long as a second, measured by the sweep of the ages. Our comrade walked into the deepened shadows unashamed and unafraid. He could look into the eyes of his constituents and know that he had never betrayed them for their votes; never betrayed his country for his job. He seemed to realize that if when he walked in the silent places, he could have the companionship of a clear conscience, a realization that he had been true to his people, to his duty, to his country, that whether people stuck out their tongue at him or clapped little hands in

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applause made very little difference after all. He had a correct notion of the relative value of things.

We are going to miss Judge GUYER very much in our committee. Most of us are well acquainted with his wife; have great respect for her. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her. Judge GUYER delivered here a few years ago on Memorial Day an address which is one of the masterpieces of the English language. Permission having been granted, I present it to be printed as something which in substance I would say on this occasion if I could say it as well:

[Memorial exercises in the House of Representatives—Speech of Hon. U. S. GUYER in the House of Representatives, delivered April 21, 1936]

Mr. GUYER. Mr. Speaker:

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind’s breath
And stars to set, but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.”

Veneration for the sepulcher and reverence for the dead belong to the most ancient instincts of the human race. To respect and to honor the memory and dust of our ancestors is common alike to the savage and the civilized. This inclination to consecrate the grave and to enshrine the memory of our departed ancestors may have been and doubtless was the beginning of the worship of Deity for in that black night of prehistoric darkness the human soul reached out toward the only symbol of Deity it possessed—its earthly parentage.

Thus today, both in harmony with the precedents of the House and the customs of mankind, we meet to honor those who have gone to that “undiscovered country” and who for a brief time were associated with us in this forum fashioned by our fathers in the Constitution. This day the discord of party passion divides us not. Individual interests and personal ambitions are forgotten. The battle for supremacy and the struggle for precedence sleep for the moment like those we mourn. All that is sordid, all that is ignoble in this game of politics retreats in silence from the presence of death.

There are no minority views in this committee’s report. It is accepted by unanimous consent without debate. That report constitutes the epitaph of the seven strong men who are the objects of this memorial. Their work in this forum is finished. Their

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record is completed. Their roll calls have all been answered. Their speeches have all been uttered. Their offices have been vacated by the decree of fate. Soon others will occupy their places and the current of life will resume its accustomed course.

It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of life in which one surrenders his peace of mind, his tranquillity of soul and life under his own vine and fig tree for a disappointing, disillusioning ignis fatuus in the morass of public life. Yet, arduous as the duties are, we are loathe to leave its unrivaled associations, and every Member may refer with pride to his membership in this forum of the people. The duties and growing exactions upon its Members increasingly draw upon their powers of endurance and resistance which constantly increases their mortality. I have been a Member of this House for 10 years under five Speakers, three of whom have gone to that undiscovered land where there is always a quorum present.

In my humble opinion, the presiding officer of this House holds in his credentials of election as Speaker the supreme testimonial of exalted character, unimpeachable integrity, and superlative ability. He is no accident. He must prove his fitness for this great office through a long series of years in the fierce furnace of political debate, the fisticuff of parliamentary strategy and maneuver, and by his ability to manage strong and intelligent men under the most trying and difficult circumstances. That, in my opinion, was what led the late Nicholas Longworth to twice declare upon this floor, "I would rather occupy that chair than any other office in the world."

While in the roster of public offices a Member of this House is not the most exalted, membership in the House holds the opportunity for the highest type of public service. The principal difference between the higher and lower offices is that the higher the more exacting and the more disappointing and disillusioning. Men speak of the Presidency as the greatest office in the world, and we do not dispute that estimate. But what a tragic and disappointing illusion.

With more or less familiarity I have known the last seven Presidents; knew each before his elevation to the high office, met each while serving his term, saw all of them after the expiration of their terms, except one, who escaped in the embrace of death, and every one of them withered under the devastating experience like the grass withered under the furnace breath of the drought of 1934. The Presidency saps the life like a vampire and like a vampire mocks.

I saw Woodrow Wilson stumble down into the valley and the shadow amid the wreck of his shattered dream of peace, disap-

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pointed, disillusioned and heartbroken beyond the dream of despair. I saw that world-famous smile of William Howard Taft, which they said would never wear off, fade forever among the things that were. Warren G. Harding, as Senator, might still be in the land of the living. We were all so sure that the cold, calculating, imperturbable equanimity, the impenetrable stoicism, of Calvin Coolidge would be proof against the lethal draught, but now we know that a happy decade or mayhap a tranquil score of years were shorn from his span of life. One of the seven by reason of his superlative strength and his indomitable will survived a decade in the generous hope of again sacrificing himself upon that alluring altar, but before his dream came true he expired like a steed plunging back into his burning barn. I saw Herbert Hoover, too sensitive for such an office, grow old while I looked at him.

There are living six widows of former Presidents and the wife of the only ex-President, eloquent tribute to the eternal feminine and tragic evidence of Presidential mortality. Let no one deceive himself into believing that the present incumbent, in spite of all his playful laughter and gallant front, is not corroding under the acid of this enervating ordeal. We sigh, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but no more uneasy than the head that is pillowed in that snowy palace at the other end of the Avenue. We speak of "the white light that beats upon a throne," but it is no whiter and not nearly so hot as that which flames about the Presidential chair. But this office confers immortality upon one's name, so scores of patriots surge to immolate themselves upon this alluring but fatal altar.

During the last holiday season I drove past that gleaming palace, with its noble portico aflame with a rainbow of Christmas lights, and I thought as I mused upon the somber shadows that lurked among its stately columns and hid in its classic corridors that we should write above those iron gates what is etched on the lintels of Dante's Inferno:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."

Shakespeare, in his tragedy of greatness, puts upon the lips of Marc Antony the naked truth concerning human greatness. Antonius was standing above the body of his assassinated friend and comrade, that "piece of bleeding earth," that pathetic clay that but yesterday was Julius Caesar, "whose word might have stood against the world." As he gazed upon this prostrate form he exclaimed:

"O mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"

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Massillon, delivering the funeral oration of Louis XIV in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, exclaimed. "Dieu, seul est grand"—God, alone, is great. Such is the tragedy of human grandeur. The old Romans had a lucid saying: "Sic transit gloria mundi"—so passes the glory of the world.

This service reminds us of the swift mutations of life. Nothing in life is permanent or static. Nature abhors both a vacuum and dull monotony. Life is a stream on whose bosom is etched everlasting change. The earth is full of life, music, beauty, and loveliness. But its beauty and loveliness do not last. It changes as swift as the wings of light:

"Beauty comes and beauty goes,
Like the petals of a rose.

Song is but a moment's bliss,
Fleeting as a lover's kiss.

Dawn's bright promise of a day,
Quickly crumbles in decay.

Spring is but an eerie, banshee light,
Vanishing in a burst of flight.

And in all this transiency,
Only God and hope remain to me."

The passing of these colleagues of ours brings into sharp relief not only the eternal change of all things but the mystery of death. Life, too, is quite as much a mystery. What is life with all its wondrous, mighty energies? Its definition and its source have escaped all our sages and philosophers. What is death? Only the poet can approach a definition. Nancy Byrd Turner has recently given her version and vision of death under the title, "Death Is a Door":

"Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk,
When the thrushes call.

"Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still;
Very weary and willing feet
Go over that sill.

"There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall."

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But what a pitiable little span is human life. When viewed only from its troubled surface, what a strange and pathetic tragedy. Yesterday the warm, sweet current of life; today still in the chill of death. Yesterday the thrill and exhilaration of superiority and preeminence; today the democratic equality of the dust. Death, like love, "levels all rank." There is no caste in the dominion of the sepulcher. Death is the universal decree. The earth itself is but one vast mausoleum. We touch it not without desecrating a myriad sepulcher. The very rocks that wall us in are but the dusty archives of life that throbbed in dead and forgotten ages. All that lives must die.

"The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave."

But it has been said that there is no life without death. That death is the prophecy of life.

"Plato, thou reasonest well?
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
The longing after immortality?"

Bryant teaches us a beautiful lesson relative to the migratory bird:

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not loss.

* * * * *

"He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I shall tread alone,
Will guide my feet aright."

The bird that sunward guides its flight does not know that eternal summer laughs beneath the tropic sun. He has never seen the leaves that never fade nor felt the heat that never cools. His native home was where Arctic ice drove summer from the earth he knew. But in his little fluttering heart the Almighty had planted this cosmic urge to seek a land of everlasting summer; and when the bird arrives, there the summer is. Neither Nature nor Nature's God ever deceived their children.

I used to have a friend who was a great lawyer and a greater poet and philosopher, though he wrote all of his poetry in the form

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of prose. In an essay discussing the conservation of energy and the well-known fact that always and everywhere in Nature non-extinction is her most imperious command: that matter and energy were indestructible and eternal. He tells it so much better than anyone else ever did, so I will quote briefly:

"Each meanest mote of matters' dust doth hide a king, divinity doth hedge. He may his venture's fashion change, or may put on the Gyges ring; he ne'er shall abdicate.

"Though worlds may crash and matter wreck, or seethe in flame with fervent heat, and seeming chaos come again, without a tremor, still enthroned, his royal plumage all unscathed, his power nor jot nor tittle 'bates.

"When comes the time, and come it shall, when seemingly this solid earth, yon flaming sun, and all that his wide eye beholds, in sheer vacuity dissolves * * * his crown serene he still shall wear, shall still his royal scepter wield."

If this mote of matter, Judge Keplinger's humble but regal grain of dust, shall survive the wreck of worlds, what shall we say of mind and soul and energy? Mind and energy are eternal. I am mind, I am energy! I am immortal!

I know of no better manner of concluding this faltering memorial to those of our number who have gone to the land of their dreams than by quoting a little poem by the great dramatic critic, William Winter. About a quarter of a century ago Mr. Winter was very ill and close to the gates of eternity. He recovered, however, and afterward wrote this poem, and, in my humble opinion, no sweeter honey of its kind has dripped from the hive of genius since Tennyson wrote *The Crossing of the Bar*. In the gentle faith of Him who walked by the tideless sea and in the calm philosophy of William Winter, as expressed in this poem, we can look toward the sunset trail with confidence and hope:

"One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o'er!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Shall soar away.

"One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death shall show me all
That now he hides;

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And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern,
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

"One motion and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost,
In endless sleep,
Then onward whatsoe'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor sin nor sorrow, love nor hate
Can touch me there."

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Hancock].

Mr. HANCOCK. Mr. Speaker, the sad news of the death of our beloved colleague, U. S. GUYER, brings to me a deep sense of personal loss as it does to all of you who were closely associated with him.

Judge GUYER first came to Congress to fill an unexpired term in the Sixty-eighth Congress. He returned in the Seventieth Congress to serve his district and his country for the rest of his life. I was also a Member of the Seventieth Congress. We were sworn in together in December 1927. For the past 10 or 12 years I have sat beside him on the Committee on the Judiciary. I feel that I knew him well, and I was proud to call him my friend.

He was deeply religious, intensely patriotic, a close student of history, a gifted speaker, an able and conscientious legislator and lawyer, a cultured Christian gentleman. He set high standards of rectitude for himself from which he never deviated, and yet he gazed upon his fellow men with kindly, tolerant, and friendly eyes. He was a delightful and stimulating companion. I shall miss him. It saddens me today to realize that we shall never see him again.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Celler].

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Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, it is with a sense of intense sorrow that I speak, yet I had the high privilege of serving in this Chamber with U. S. GUYER for many years, and during that period I learned to respect and honor him. We worked together for long duration on the Committee on the Judiciary. His wise counsels, his opinions, ever the result of careful thought and impartial research, are indeed written indelibly in the archives of that committee. I was always impressed with his quiet demeanor, his whole-hearted sympathy with those oppressed and underprivileged souls. His kindliness, his broad-gaged charity, his untiring devotion, his courage made him one of our most beloved Members. He was an indefatigable worker, an ardent defender of any cause he espoused; indeed, the Nation and the State of Kansas loses a humble scholar and an effective servant. We in this Chamber lose an honorable and kindly colleague. Our words and resolution of sorrow and condolence go forth to his loving wife and loved ones. With Alfred Tennyson we may well say: "God's finger touched him and he sleeps."

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Michener].

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, the tributes already paid have pretty accurately portrayed the life, the character, and the standing of Judge GUYER here in the House.

Mr. Speaker, when the Death Angel rapped at our door on Saturday last it summoned one of our older and most distinguished colleagues, the late Representative ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, of Kansas.

Judge GUYER came to Congress in 1924. It was then that I became acquainted with him. He was an exceptional man in many particulars. As a school teacher, a businessman, a lawyer, a mayor, and a judge, he came to Congress with a wealth of experience in dealing with the public. He was an idealist. A man of strong convictions, he never temporized with that which he thought was not morally and fundamentally right.

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For many years before the advent of national prohibition he was an indefatigable worker for the dry cause. His work in this field was of national scope, and few were more jubilant than was Judge GUYER when the eighteenth amendment became a part of the Constitution.

On the occasion of the memorial services held for the late Senator Sheppard, of Texas, the author of the eighteenth amendment, Mr. GUYER said:

It was not difficult for one to go along with the crowd when I first came to the House in 1924, when the so-called wets could not muster enough votes to successfully demand a roll call. Then it was easy to ride along with the tide of public opinion, which favored the eighteenth amendment by a great majority. But the time came when it was the reverse, when it was impossible for the dries to muster enough votes to order a roll call. But this only aroused Senator Sheppard to renewed faith and activity, which he directed toward convincing the people that a repeal was a tragic mistake.

In this reference to Senator Sheppard Mr. GUYER was speaking his own mind, and he never changed his views or lessened his endeavors in behalf of a cause in which he so thoroughly believed. There was no camouflage or equivocation on his part. He kept the faith that was in him. He died working for the same objective.

For many years preceding its acceptance, he was an advocate of the woman's suffrage amendment to the Constitution, and in late years he has enthusiastically supported the so-called equal-rights amendment for women.

While he was adamant in these matters, yet he was always considerate and tolerant. He respected the conscientious views of others at all times, and only asked like consideration for himself.

Judge GUYER was an orator of no mean ability. He possessed a splendid vocabulary and a clear, analytical mind. His manner of public address was not spoiled by the modern microphone. He was always enlightening, entertaining, and pleasing. A reader of good literature, a student of history and biography, he was a ready conversationalist. He pos-

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sessed so many of the attributes most valuable in public life and, consequently, was effective. In the passing of this conscientious, courteous, and cultured gentleman, the State of Kansas and the Nation has lost one of its worth while public servants. This is a better world because Judge GUYER lived in it.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Hobbs].

Mr. HOBBS. Mr. Speaker, with bowed heads, moist eyes, and throats constricted, your Committee on the Judiciary comes before you today unanimously but sadly to participate in this tribute to our beloved late colleague. The gentleman from Texas, Judge Sumners, has already spoken of the affectionate regard we have in that committee, and have always had, toward each other on both sides of the political fence. That was particularly true, it seemed to me, with respect to this great man. We all knew his name, but to many of us, particularly in the younger ranges, it seemed that his initials were typical of the man and that here, indeed, was a real American in whom there was no guile, a cause partisan in whom there was no bitterness, and a political foeman worthy anyone's steel, who never sought an unfair advantage, whose kindliness did not forsake him when he went out of the committee room, where politics is barred, and into the forum where political fights were raging.

"U. S." were his initials, U. S. was the man. He was a citizen and Representative of the United States. Although no Representative could have represented his district and his State more loyally, he was too big to be claimed exclusively by any district, State, or section.

As we look at his figure going into the shadows there is one outstanding contribution of this great and beloved man to our faith: that men like Judge GUYER never die; that as he goes on and up to the high calling, which he recognized, we can be assured that the accumulated knowledge his studies and rich experiences brought him through the years is not

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lost, but will prove a basis for the life and the activities of which he has gone; and the truth we heard so beautifully sung here the other day by the Metropolitan Opera star, Miss Doris Doe, *There Is No Death*.

We saw him live it, we heard her sing it; we knew it to be true.

And so today, without cant or preachment, this memorial service means that to me, as he looks back over his shoulder and says to us his friends—and there was no enemy here—“Come on, boys, get ready for the better life.” We note the ring of truth in the conviction which sounds through his voice in that message to us. There is a chance for us so to live here that the open grave will be stood on end and become but a door to a life of greater usefulness and joyful activity. There should be great incentive in that challenge. It seems to me a grand heritage he has left us. We mourn his passing, but it is not goodbye, merely *au revoir*.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. Robsion].

Mr. ROBSION of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, I rise to join with other Members of the House in paying a last tribute of respect to our departed friend and colleague, Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER. While the death of Judge GUYER had been expected for some time, yet the announcement of his passing came as a heavy shock to all of us.

It seems but yesterday we paused in our busy deliberations to mourn the death of another outstanding Member of our body and a distinguished Republican leader, the gentleman from California [Mr. Englebright].

The constant passing of our friends impresses upon us the fact that each and every one of us must meet this greatest adventure of all—the passing from this earthly sphere to the great unknown—Eternity. Longfellow expresses the thought most beautifully in words

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

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Neither youth nor age, poverty nor riches, the humble nor the great, the weak nor the strong, the wicked nor the good, can escape this reaper with his sickle. Yet, with this certainty, death of each one of our loved ones and friends brings shock and grief to us.

It has been said that our friend and colleague, Judge GUYER, met death without fear and as a man who was about to receive his greatest reward for a beautiful, splendid, and useful life. His was a full life as an educator, jurist, lawyer, and for nearly 20 years as a Member of Congress.

As an educator he shaped the lives of thousands of young people; as a jurist he was able and honest, and as a Member of Congress he served his constituency, his State, and his country and our institutions with fidelity and patriotic zeal.

The House of Representatives today honors itself in laying aside its official activities and in paying honor to one of God's noblemen. He was the ranking Republican on our Judiciary Committee and I sat near him. I have been closely associated with him for many years in the House and there is no Member of the House for whom I felt a greater affection or whom I held in higher esteem.

Death is one sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. While mere words are almost futile on occasions like this, however, I find much consolation, as do, I am sure, the members of his family and his friends that Judge GUYER lived a long and honorable life. He won and held the respect and esteem of all those who had the good fortune to know him. He was one of those men who knew himself. He controlled himself and best of all he denied himself and took up his cross and followed in the footsteps of the Man of Galilee. His was a life of service to his family, his constituency, his State, and his country. I have greatly admired him through the years for his high and noble purposes and his lofty patriotism. He loved his country passionately, and he was ever ready to defend our institutions and American ideals. The Congress and the Nation have lost a great Amer-

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ican and we this day mingle our tears with his family and his other friends.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Short].

Mr. SHORT—

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Mr. Speaker, while we all daily expected the death of our late and lamented colleague the gentleman from Kansas, Mr. U. S. GUYER, we were naturally grieved to hear of his passing. It only goes to show that after all there is nothing in life which men will cling to, and fight so tenaciously for, as life itself. However aged or infirm, and regardless of how much they may be suffering, we are never quite ready to give up those who are near and dear to us.

One of the first men I met and became personally and intimately acquainted with after my election to the Seventy-first Congress nearly 15 years ago was ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER from the State of Kansas. I suppose it was only natural that I should meet him because several years previous to that my father who was postmaster of my little home town had attended a postmasters' meeting in Kansas City. He returned and told me in glowing terms of the beautiful, masterly address he had heard by the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. GUYER] and having graduated myself from Baker University, which is located in his congressional district, it was natural

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that I knew many of his constituents. Often when I have spoken in Kansas City those constituents have done me the honor and extended the courtesy of attending those meetings. So, because of mutual friends we had on both sides of the line in Kansas and Missouri, there grew up between us a warm and abiding friendship. Time was, Mr. Speaker, when the boys in Missouri and Kansas did not get along quite so well together. Well did Mr. GUYER recall when Quantrell and his gang from my State raided Lawrence and burned the hotel. But all of that bitterness and discord back in the time of the War between the States and immediately following, has vanished. Behold how sweet it is for brethren to dwell in brotherly love.

U. S. GUYER, Mr. Speaker, was a sort of grand, picturesque figure. He belonged to the old school. While he was not blind to the march of progress and not unwilling to keep step with the times, he was fundamentally conservative. He was grounded in the history and past traditions of our American Republic. He believed in the Declaration of Independence and revered the Constitution almost as much as he did his Bible. He read the Farewell Address of George Washington, the Father of our Country, almost as assiduously as he read the Holy Writ. He stood for the Bill of Rights, and I know that the anxiety and the worry that he has entertained in recent years at the trend away from representative, constitutional democracy toward centralized powerful bureaucracy did not prolong his life.

Mr. GUYER was a great orator. I think it is unfortunate that the new Members of this Congress, even those who served in the last Congress, never knew him. Oh, you have seen him often, but you did not know him as did the older Members of this House. I wish that you might have seen him in his heyday along with the elderly Members of this body, when torrential eloquence poured from his stentorian throat with Niagara force, sentences that sparkled with the

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brilliance of diamonds, phrases that rolled like peals of thunder, charming and convincing his auditors whether they be in this House or on the public platform.

U. S. GUYER was a man of a deeply religious nature, entertaining strong moral convictions to which he adamantly adhered; yet he was full of the milk of human kindness and had enough hard common sense to know that no pancake is ever so flat but that it does not have two sides. Always he was willing to look at both sides of any great burning public issue.

We can ill afford to lose men of his character and caliber in such times as these. Oh, how I wish I might say something to assuage the sorrow or lessen the grief of his dearly beloved wife, who was truly a great helpmate, a charming woman who has the same kind of religious convictions and the same burning patriotism in her breast as did her husband. But she will discover, Mr. Speaker, that time perhaps is the only thing that can partially heal such deep and sore wounds as she has at this hour. When my heart is overwhelmed I look up unto the Rock that is higher than I. And it must be a source of great comfort, solace, and strength to Mrs. Guyer in this dark hour of her irreparable loss to look up unto that Rock that is higher than she and who, because she has the same kind of religious convictions her husband had, will find a strength and a support in the everlasting arms of a benign and beneficent Providence, a source of strength that comes from Someone greater than any human mortal.

We all extend to her our deep, heartfelt, and sincere sympathy, and we, along with her, shall cherish until our final summons the precious and tender memories, the glories of combat, triumph, and defeat which we have experienced during the past score of years in this body with one of the finest Christian gentlemen and greatest Americans that it has ever been our privilege to know.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Springer].

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Mr. SPRINGER. Mr. Speaker, I desire to join with the Kansas delegation in giving my tribute to the late and lamented ULYSSES S. GUYER, now deceased. On Saturday morning, when I learned of the death of our distinguished friend and colleague, I was both shocked and grieved, because I had been associated closely with him since I came as a Member of this body at the commencement of the Seventy-sixth Congress. Judge GUYER, as we affectionately called him, was one of the men I first met when I came; from the hour of our meeting until he was taken away from us, our friendship had ripened and continued. I came to recognize in him those admirable traits of character which directly appeal to all of us—those of a fine citizen, an outstanding patriot, a great statesman, a devoted and constant American, and a loyal friend.

Many of us in this great lawmaking body are not thrown together in extremely close association, because of our segregated committee work and because of our extremely busy days in intricate legislative problems with which we have to deal. But it was my rare good fortune to have been closely associated with our colleague on the Judiciary Committee, in the House of Representatives. Judge GUYER was the ranking minority member of that great committee, of which I have had the honor to be a member during my service here. Thus, our association became close and constant. His parents when they migrated westward had resided near Sulphur Springs, in Henry County, Ind., for a period of time, which place of their residence is located in the congressional district which I have the honor to represent. By reason of that fact, Judge GUYER would frequently discuss with me some of the older inhabitants in that vicinity, many of whom he knew by personal contact during visits he had made to the vicinity of the family residence in Indiana.

Judge GUYER loved his home State of Kansas. He was a part of the very fiber and sinew of that great Commonwealth. He held positions of great responsibility and public trust in his home State, and as mayor of Kansas City, Kans., he

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demonstrated outstanding executive ability. His long service in this body stamped him as an outstanding legislator and statesman.

In early life he faced many struggles, but by reason of energy, honesty, loyalty to his people and his country, and unwavering fidelity he ascended the ladder of fame to a fixed place in the hearts of the people of this Nation. His counsel and advice was often sought by the Members of this body and especially by the younger Congressmen, and it was a rare privilege for him to aid and assist those who were less informed. He was truly the friend of man.

When our country became involved in this terrible war, Judge GUYER was greatly distressed. He frequently discussed with others the great hardships and suffering of our soldiers and sailors in this gigantic crisis; he was saddened by it; he expressed the hope that peace would soon come to our Nation. Thus we knew him—our esteemed friend—when he was under the stress of grave responsibilities, when our country was engaged at war, and we knew him when the veil was removed and those finer intimacies which are forever reserved by each one of us for but a few were then exposed; and we knew him when he expressed sound logic and statesmanlike utterances in his constant effort to solve the pending problems of the day. He loved his country. He was both kindly and he was brave.

Our loyal friend, our constant friend, whose memory I will long cherish, lived a good life. He ever struggled onward and forward with the constant weight of the livid problems of the people before him. He continued at his post serving his people as long as health would permit. His last appearance in this Chamber came when he was scarcely able to come; yet, as ever, he responded to his duty as a servant of the people he represented. The summons came for his departure while he was in this city. He was unafraid. While within the shadow of the scene of his constant effort for his country throughout the many years of his service here, he

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"calmly wrapped the draperies of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams."

Thus, Mr. Speaker, the life work of our friend was ended. The brilliant career of a brilliant man was over.

As we say to him, "Farewell," I wish to pay my humble, yet sincere, tribute to him—my friend—in the unforgotten words which were spoken of a hero in the years gone by—

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the World, "This was a man!"

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Cox].

Mr. Cox. Mr. Speaker, there are none of us who have friends to spare, but when death stalked into this Chamber and took away ULYSSES S. GUYER a loss was inflicted upon me that I can ill afford. Judge GUYER to me was eminent in all things. In his life there were mixed in right proportions all the virtues that go to the making of a man. His high talents were never soiled by ignoble use.

As a Member of this body who knew him long, intimately and well, and as one who loved him devotedly, I join with the thousands who bemoan his passing.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. O'Hara].

Mr. O'HARA. Mr. Speaker, it is true that today the spoken word will show the deep and sincere affection with which Judge GUYER is held in the hearts of his colleagues of the Congress. The written record cannot show the timbre of sincerity and sadness of the voices of those who have spoken of our beloved friend.

It was my privilege to serve during the Seventy-seventh Congress with Judge GUYER upon the House Judiciary Committee. The distinguished chairman of that committee, Judge SUMNERS, has expressed the thought that sometimes our

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sense of values is disproportionate—that sometimes we have a false sense of values. It is a most affectionate recollection to have known Judge GUYER not only on the committee but on occasions that I met and had early breakfast with him. He had a great fund of anecdotes and history of the Midwest—not only historical as to Iowa and Kansas and Indiana and of other States, but of individual characters of those States—and often my day began with the inspiration of hearing Judge GUYER tell at the breakfast table some of his early personal recollections of people and events that made history in the Midwest. He was in himself a historian and it will be regretted if Judge GUYER did not leave some written memoirs, which would be of great historical value.

Judge GUYER is a lesson in himself to all of us in public life. When we get down to the end of things the personal esteem and affection in which we are held by those with whom we serve is perhaps the finest tribute that can come to men.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER never asked how many were on his side of a cause; if he believed in a cause he was the advocate and champion of that cause. He was a devout Christian. His advocacy and his religion were always tempered with tolerance, and his associates knew his kind and generous nature. It is a tribute to the members of the legal profession and of the Judiciary Committee that while they may be as individuals engaged in the conflict of a cause, whether it be in the courts or in legislation, that they bear no animosity in the conflict and clash of debate, whether it be upon the law or upon proposed legislation.

Norse mythology has given us the Halls of Valhalla; that to these halls were summoned the warriors who had died in battle, and that every morning thereafter poured from its 540 gates these spirit warriors who continued to fight the battles in which they died. And so it is with the causes that Judge GUYER represented, for from Valhalla his warrior spirit will ever continue by the influences which he made in his lifetime.

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I join with you who have spoken and who will speak in extending my most heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Guyer in the loss which she has sustained. She will be in some measure comforted in knowing how much we appreciated in his lifetime the distinguished, splendid, Christian gentleman, U. S. GUYER.

The Second District of Kansas and the Congress will share with her the sadness of his passing.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Robertson].

Mr. ROBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, the Old Testament stresses the God of Wrath. The New Testament stresses the God of Love. There was no greater interpreter of the new dispensation than the Apostle Paul. Nothing he has sent down to us through the ages has done me personally more good than the description he gave of the kind of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal an eloquent tongue was which spoke from a heart in which there was no charity.

Mr. GUYER was one of the first of the old Members I met when I came here some 10 years ago. He was friendly with new Members because he was friendly with everyone. In all the time I served here with him, I never heard him say an unkind word against anyone.

After I came to know him better, he often reminded me of an old friend I knew in Richmond, Dr. J. T. Mastin. When I was elected to the State senate in 1915, State-wide prohibition was the burning political issue in Virginia. Dr. Mastin was chairman of our State board of charities and corrections, doing the work later assumed by what we call the State welfare board. Dr. Mastin was for State-wide prohibition. In February 1916 we had before the State senate a bill to raise Dr. Mastin's salary from the munificent sum of \$2,400 a year to \$3,000 a year, which was in that day and time a major increase and precipitated a lively debate. Naturally, because feeling over the prohibition issue had run so high, I

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expected to see considerable criticism on the floor of the State senate over the proposal of our senate finance committee to increase the salary of Dr. Mastin. Much to my surprise, the leader of the wet forces in the senate, possibly the most eloquent man in that body, Col. Tom Downing, of Lancaster, Va., arose in support of the increase in the pay of Dr. Mastin and in the course of his remarks said to us, "Dr. Mastin is so charitable you would not know he is a Christian."

Some who have led reform movements have proceeded, I fear, on the theory of the Old Testament, the God of Wrath, the theory of compulsion, the theory of force; but not our departed friend. He proceeded on the theory of love, on the theory of persuasion.

I will miss Mr. GUYER. The House will miss Mr. GUYER. The House is better by reason of his 18 years' of service here, because, "careless of monument by the grave, he built it in the world; a monument by which men might be taught to remember not where he died but where he lived."

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from South Dakota [Mr. Case].

Mr. CASE. Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. SHORT], in his remarks very properly included a tribute to the beautiful character of the bereaved widow. Within a day or two after I came to join this body, Mr. GUYER came over and sat down beside me, introduced himself, and explained that Mrs. Guyer was a native of South Dakota and he took a great deal of interest in any Member who came from that State.

We visited there a little that day, and I shall never forget a remark he made to me at that time. Someone was speaking from the well of the House and delivering himself at some length and with a great deal of energy. Mr. GUYER said to me, "CASE, when your time comes to speak here, do not take yourself too seriously. Some of the speeches you will think are the best speeches you have made, perhaps those you work the hardest on, will not be appreciated as you think they

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should. Above all, do not talk too long. You must remember that nearly every person who becomes a Member of this body has to make some speeches to get here, and a lot of the fellows are going to be sitting back thinking how much better a job of making that speech they could do than you."

I have thought of that a great many times, and have profited by the advice. As to Judge GUYER himself, however, I have thought of it somewhat in reverse, because there were few men who spoke to this body who had such oratorical force as ULYSSES S. GUYER when he was in the full strength of his powers.

He was a man who did take an interest in new Members, as so many Members have said. And we have always been appreciative of the special interest which he and Mrs. Guyer took in the Members from South Dakota because of her early residence there.

I think probably one can find in his own remarks the best epitaph of his work. In an address which Mr. GUYER gave on the service of Members of the House at one time, he spoke of the high purposes and the great aims with which most Members come to this body and how they devote themselves to their accomplishment. In that address there ran a passage like this: "We come here with high hopes, we do what we can about these things, and then one day we find we have grown old in the effort."

The phrase "We grow old in the effort" has come to me as I have thought of Mr. GUYER in the last few weeks, because he was a man who came here with high purposes, who fought the good fight for the causes in which he believed, and who grew old in the service of his country. Of no man could it better be said, I think, that he could come to the end of his days, hear the summons to join the innumerable caravan, and, sustained by an unfaltering trust, wrap the draperies of his couch about him, and lie down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Arizona [Mr. Murdock].

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Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I am a comparatively new Member of the House, yet I, too, held Congressman GUYER as one of my best friends in this Chamber. I am not a member of the Committee on the Judiciary, so I cannot speak of my association with him from that standpoint.

To indicate my high regard for him I was about to characterize him as a scholar and a gentleman, but that would be inadequate, so I want to revise that and characterize our departed friend as a profound scholar and a Christian gentleman.

I have listened carefully to the eulogies pronounced today by my colleagues. I notice that they paid tributes to him as a jurist, an outstanding lawyer, a statesman with a wonderful background of experience. One Member spoke of his power of oratory by saying he was an orator of no mean ability, which I thought was an understatement, for I always looked upon him as a brilliant orator.

Reference has been made to some of his speeches here in the Chamber, especially on memorial programs. One address of his which is outstanding in my mind is the oration that I heard in the Rotunda at the time of the unveiling of the famous painting by Howard Chandler Christy. It is one of the most scholarly efforts I have ever heard, and one which I have reread with interest and profit.

Congressman GUYER told me that at one time he had been a school teacher, and that was an open door to my heart. I know that he was deeply interested in the right kind of education. Because he was so devoted to basic American life, he attempted, for educational purposes, to get copies made of this famous painting here at the Capitol, the signing of the Constitution of the United States in Old Independence Hall, September 17, 1787, to be widely furnished to schools. He wanted the boys and girls of America to know that famous group of men who established our supreme law, and I have concurred with him and helped a little bit in that effort.

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Sometimes I feel that the outside world is prone to think of Members of this Chamber as men who are engrossed wholly in politics, so that they do not think of spiritual things. That is not true, and when I have attempted to refute it in the public mind I have often pointed to Congressman GUYER of Kansas. It has been said here that he was a champion of causes arousing great controversy and he stood adamant for what he thought was right without fear or favor. Regardless of politics, I say to Christian America that it has never had a finer representation in this Chamber than that of our departed colleague, the gentleman from Kansas, Mr. GUYER.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. Voorhis].

Mr. VOORHIS of California. Mr. Speaker, a number of reasons prompt me to say a word today in honor of our late colleague. The first one is that some 42 years ago I was born in a small city in the district which Congressman GUYER represented while he was in Congress. I knew many people that he knew. We used to discuss them, some of those people were still in Kansas, and some had gone from Kansas to the district I now represent in California. I remember the last conversation I had with him was about a very fine woman who had recently passed away in Pomona, Calif. She had come there from eastern Kansas. I remember Judge GUYER said on that occasion how little any of us ever know when our time will come and when we, too, will be called.

Another reason I wanted to pay my tribute was because on one occasion I had the honor of speaking from the same platform in one of the churches in Washington, D. C., with Judge GUYER, one of the happiest memories I have of my experience here in Washington. I, too, like Judge GUYER and the gentleman from Arizona [Mr. Murdock], have spent a considerable portion of my life as a school teacher, and we recognize certain things in one another and are able to sympathize and understand each other. Finally, it can be

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truly said of Judge GUYER that "he has run a good race, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith." It becomes our simple duty not only to pay tribute to his memory in words here today, but to attempt to carry on our work in a manner worthy of the tradition which he so nobly advanced while he was here.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Idaho [Mr. White].

Mr. WHITE. Mr. Speaker, as a Member of the Board of Directors of the Corporation, the United States of America, I know we have lost a most valuable Member of this Board, the Congress of the United States, a Member whose wise counsel and devotion to American ideals and the welfare of our country was an inspiration to the membership of this body.

In the passing of Congressman GUYER the people of Kansas have lost a great advocate, and our country has lost a noble citizen, and I have lost a valuable friend.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Gwynne].

Mr. GWYNNE. Mr. Speaker, the death of Judge ULYSSES S. GUYER has saddened all of us.

For several years it has been my privilege to serve on the Committee on the Judiciary, of which Mr. GUYER was the ranking minority member. He filled that post with dignity and honor. He possessed a great knowledge of the history of our country. He was a deep student of politics in its broad sense and was one of the ablest and most sincere defenders of the philosophy of government set forth in the American Constitution. In all his work in Congress he kept foremost his duty to his Nation, his State, and his district.

Many of us will always remember him as a true and helpful friend. Judge GUYER was one of the first men I met when I came to Congress. As a young man he lived in Toledo, Iowa, and many people in Iowa knew him and are proud of

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his splendid record. In the troubled times that lie ahead his counsel will be greatly missed.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Dondero].

Mr. DONDERO. Mr. Speaker, I rise on this solemn occasion to pay my humble tribute to a great American and my warm personal friend, Congressman U. S. GUYER, of Kansas. His passing is a personal loss to me. I am saddened and depressed.

At the beginning of my service in Congress, more than 10 years ago, Congressman GUYER was among the first Members with whom I became acquainted. His office and mine were almost opposite on the same corridor in the Old House Office Building. He called on and conferred with me more than any other Member in Congress. He was not only my colleague and friend but my neighbor in the fullest sense and meaning of that word. I admired and respected him greatly. His courageous convictions and steadfastness on issues for the moment not mandated by popular approval marked him as a man of principle and resolute purpose.

His rectitude in all things, his sterling character, his noble attributes, his generous impulses, his unyielding adherence to what he believed to be right, his sobriety and clean habits of living marked him as an outstanding man.

He was endowed with rare ability. He was truly a great orator. He possessed a remarkable memory and never wearied those who listened to his historic narratives and information. He stood like a giant among men. He was kindly and considerate, hard working, careful and conscientious in his legislative duties. He searched for the truth. He was a fearless defender of the American form of government and our American way of life under it. To him can be ascribed the phrase that "an honest man is the noblest work of God."

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Congressman GUYER was such a man. He was a firm believer in and was sustained by an unfaltering faith in God. He was a Christian gentleman.

His State and Nation were made better by his life and deeds. He has answered the last roll call and joined another company where there is no middle aisle. Farewell, faithful and intelligent servant of the Republic.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Bennett].

Mr. BENNETT of Missouri. Mr. Speaker, the first Member of Congress I met on coming to Washington, D. C., was Judge U. S. GUYER, of Kansas. Over a period of 2½ years we became well acquainted. For several months we lived at the same hotel. We discussed many legal questions in which, lawyer-like, we had a common interest. It has been said that Judge GUYER was not only an able jurist but a historian. I know that to be true. Our congressional districts adjoin for more than 100 miles along the Missouri-Kansas border. I have often heard Judge GUYER refer to the bloody but historic warfare which at one time raged along that famous border. That warfare gave rise to bitter feelings which exist to this day, and which influence the political currents of Missouri and Kansas. Congressman GUYER, or Judge as his friends prefer to call him, knew all the details of that tragic era of history.

Judge U. S. GUYER was a kindly man. He was a good, moral man. He was a man of keen mind and staunch faith. His passing is to me a personal loss. It will be difficult for the good people of Kansas to find a man to represent the Second Kansas District with the luster shown by Judge GUYER in his long and useful service to State and Nation. All honor to his memory.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Colorado [Mr. Rockwell].

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Mr. ROCKWELL. Mr. Speaker, **Mr. U. S. GUYER**, from the neighboring State of **Kansas**, was one of the first men to greet me and try to make me welcome when I came into the House of Representatives, a stranger. He tried to make me feel at home in this great deliberative body. In order to make a personal contact, he recalled that he had a niece living in the little town of **Paonia, Colo.**, in which I reside. I had known her for many years and also her family, including **Mr. GUYER's** sister. Thereafter, if he passed anywhere near my seat, he would stop and ask if I had had any recent word from his niece or her family back in the western part of **Colorado**.

I did not know **Mr. GUYER** during the days of his greatest activity in this body, but I did have the privilege of knowing the sympathetic, thoughtful, kind man who treated me more as a son or nephew than as a new Member coming into a strange surrounding. All my life I shall recall the cordial greeting and the friendly visits and the occasional advice that he gave me on matters that affected the mutual interests of his State and mine.

May there be many more men with that same understanding, the same courteous manner, the same thoughtful and friendly interest in people and in this great country of ours.

Mr. REED of **Illinois**. Mr. Speaker, the death of our colleague, **ULYSSES S. GUYER**, was a sad blow to his friends and a great loss to his country. His lingering illness filled us with apprehension and prepared our minds in some measure to expect the announcement of the end, but the tenacity with which he clung to life, the determination with which he fought the ravages of disease, and the cheerfulness with which he faced each new complication gave many of us hope and even belief that he would surmount all obstacles and emerge victorious in his battle for physical existence.

His high sense of duty persuaded him a few weeks ago to arise from his sickbed and attend a session of the House of Representatives in order to cast his vote on the pending tax

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bill. He had, however, miscalculated his strength and the effort exhausted him. He departed soon after the roll call, never to return.

Congressman GUYER was born in Illinois. His parents shortly thereafter moved to Iowa and thence to Kansas, where he attained his academic, classical, and legal education. His rise was rapid. He became successively an educator, a lawyer, a judge, a mayor, and a Member of Congress. Assigned to the Committee on the Judiciary, he devoted his major energies to the legal problems that that committee considers. He was firm in his convictions, which he reached only after careful investigation. There was nothing hypocritical in his make-up. He did not profess one thing and do another. He detested demagoguery. It was readily discernible that, as a practicing lawyer, he had not been one who would represent a client in the justice of whose cause he had no confidence. His uniform courtesy was notable. Never, in committee, in all the discussions in which he took part, did a word escape his lips that bore the sting of bitterness nor was he ever guilty of insinuations against or aspersions upon the motives of those who opposed him. Thus he was always sure of a respectful hearing, no matter what might be his attitude upon any question at issue. He revered the Constitution and the orderly processes of the law, to which he had dedicated his life. But he never forgot his earlier struggles in life and the people who were his friends and associates before he had entered upon his chosen profession.

Six years ago he gave me a copy of a letter of greeting that he had just sent to those who had been students in the high school when he was principal—40 years before. To them he expressed his philosophy of life in these beautiful words:

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

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How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—oh, we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution (H. Res. 251), which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER, a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.
The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Hope], the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Rees], the gentleman from Colorado [Mr. Chenoweth], and the gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. Rizley] as a committee to attend the funeral of the late Representative.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 44 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, June 8, 1943, at 12 o'clock noon.

WEDNESDAY, June 9, 1943.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 157):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian tomorrow.

The message also announced that pursuant to the provisions of the above resolution the Presiding Officer had appointed Mr. Capper and Mr. Reed members of said committee on the part of the Senate.

THURSDAY, June 8, 1944.

Mr. REES of Kansas. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the splendid tribute to the memory of the late ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, of Kansas, by Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas:

TRIBUTE BY SENATOR CAPPER

The memory of the late Ulysses Samuel Guyer, of Kansas City, Kans., Representative in Congress from the Second District of

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Kansas, will remain a pleasant, sustaining and inspiring memory to all who knew him. Judge Guyer, as he was respectfully and affectionately known to his colleagues in Congress, and to the people of Kansas, was one of those who serve without ostentation, without trumpeting, with honor and with integrity.

My own memory of Judge Guyer goes back nearly a half-century, when he was a young lawyer, getting his start in Kansas City, Kans.; where he was soon in demand as an orator on civic and political meetings; when he was judge of the municipal court in that city; when he became mayor of this largest city in Kansas. Later he came to Washington representing the Second District of Kansas, which he represented ably and with distinction continuously since 1926, after previously filling the unexpired term of the Honorable Ed C. Little.

Before taking his course in law, Judge Guyer taught school for 4 years at St. John, Kans., where he was superintendent of schools and principal of the city high school. We who knew him well, and had heard him talk of St. John, in western Kansas, and his associations there in the days of his early youth, were not surprised at his request that he be buried in the St. John cemetery.

Throughout his long and useful life, and in the public offices he held, I believe Judge Guyer remained the educator, though he served with honor and distinction in the municipal offices he held, and in the Congress. He was a student of history, a reader of biographies; a devout believer in the American form of government; jealous of any infringement of the constitutional rights of the States and the citizen; a zealous and able defender of the Constitution against encroachment from any source.

Judge Guyer was a true and trusted friend of the ordinary man. During all his life he worked and fought for the rights of the Negro. He was a strong believer in prohibition, and held to his course without ever yielding an inch in his beliefs and ideals. He was a kindly man, an able man, a learned man, a just man, but with him justice was tempered with kindness and mercy; a man who did his duty as he saw it, but with never a trace of intolerance for those who did not agree with his own views or follow his own practices.

I think I speak for Kansas when I say to his colleagues in the House that Kansas mourns his passing, and at the same time rejoices that he lived and served his State and Nation through a long and illustrious career. May those of us, his friends and colleagues who are left, carry on with the same high courage and high ideals that characterized Ulysses Samuel Guyer of Kansas.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

The world is the better for his having lived in it and contributed to its progress. We know that he faced the end—he knew it was coming months before the Grim Reaper cut the final tie—with the same cheerful and quiet fortitude he evinced through all his life. Eight years ago Judge Guyer delivered what I believe to have been one of the notable memorial addresses delivered in the Hall of Representatives. He closed that address with these lines from a great dramatic critic, William Winter, written while he was facing eternity:

“One other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then—go o’er!
One sigh—and then the lib’rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Shall soar away.

“One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death shall show me all
That now he hides;
And lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern,
What all the ages of the earth
Have died to learn.

“One motion and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost,
In endless sleep.
Then onward whatso’er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor sin nor sorrow, love nor hate
Can touch me there.”

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, June 7, 1943.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Megill, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER, late a Representative from the State of Kansas, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The message informed the Senate that, pursuant to the provisions of the foregoing resolutions, the Speaker had appointed Mr. Hope, Mr. Rees of Kansas, Mr. Chenoweth, and Mr. Rizley members of a committee, to join with such members of the Senate as may be appointed, to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

TUESDAY, June 8, 1943.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives which will be read.

The resolutions (H. Res. 251) were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

June 7, 1943.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER, a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Mr. CAPPER. Mr. President, the State of Kansas has lost one of the ablest members of the Kansas delegation in the House of Representatives. I had known ULYSSES S. GUYER for twoscore years, from the time he was a struggling young lawyer in Kansas City, Kans. I had known him as judge of the city court, and as mayor of Kansas City, Kans.; as a civic and political leader; as a public-spirited citizen, and as an equally public-spirited official. And to know SAM GUYER was to like him and respect him. He was one of the ablest members of Congress Kansas has ever had.

Judge GUYER was a believer in our form of government and our way of life. In all the years I knew him, I never knew or heard of him doing a little thing, a mean thing, or a dishonest deed. I sincerely believe he was incapable of littleness, dishonesty, or intolerance, despite the fact that he was uncompromising with himself in his living loyalty to the beliefs he held.

I feel the world is better for his having lived and labored in it. His friends sorrow in his passing, rejoice in having known and enjoyed his comradeship while he was with us.

Mr. President, I send to the desk an editorial from the June 1943 issue of Progress magazine, and ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the Record. This editorial is from the pen of Dr. Clinton N. Howard, executive secretary of the International Reform Federation. Representative GUYER was for many years a trustee of this organization. Knowing him as I have, from the time he was a struggling young lawyer in Kansas City, fresh from teaching school at St. John, I think the editorial is most appropriately entitled "An Irreparable Loss."

There being no objection, the editorial was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS

"We sorrow not as those who are without hope." Death has again invaded our official family and taken from our midst one of our long time and highly honored trustees. Congressman U. S.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

GUYER, of Kansas, a staunch friend of every good cause, and the father of the bill to make the city of Washington dry, is now a citizen of that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." The son of Rev. Joseph and Sarah Guyer, he took out his naturalization papers in his boyhood home, and after completing his college education became principal, then superintendent of the public schools of St. John, Kans., named for Governor St. John, the father of the prohibition amendment which remains to this day.

From that date his course was marked by distinguished service as city judge and mayor of Kansas City, Kans., where his administration was marked by a display of courage in the enforcement of the dry law in that wet city, separated by a street from Kansas City, Mo., more wicked and wet—known as "the Bottoms."

Despite political opposition and threats of personal injury, Judge GUYER, as he has since been known, cleaned up the county, the city, and padlocked the Kansas side of "the Bottoms." His record from this point is a confirmation of the divine promise: "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

A CONGRESSMAN WITHOUT GUILE

In 1902 Judge GUYER was promoted to Congress, representing the nine counties of the second district and was serving his tenth consecutive term, carrying in the late November election all the counties in his district by the largest majority in his nearly 20 years in the House, as a reward for faithful service.

The desperate wets once tried to dislodge him by nominating a voluble wet preacher on a repeal platform, but he was snowed under by an avalanche of votes. Mr. GUYER ran on his dry record in every campaign. He never hid his light under a bushel for political purposes, even threatened by wet reprisals from back home.

One of the first bills put into the hopper of the House on the reassembling of the Seventy-eighth Congress was his bill for prohibition in the District of Columbia which he leaves on the calendar of the House where he was the ranking Republican Member of the Judiciary Committee as his testimony against the liquor traffic in war or in peace.

A COURAGEOUS STATESMAN

He was a man of courage as was shown in many legislative battles. We have room for but one notable example. When the selective-service bill was before the House after its passage by the Senate, the editor prepared an amendment to the bill, providing for the prohibition of the sale, purchase, or possession of alcoholic liquors

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above one-half of 1 percent content in any military, naval, or aerial training camp, post, barracks, flying field, or canteen, on any premises owned, rented, or operated by the Federal Government, for the protection of the millions of American youth to be enlisted under the operation of the compulsory military law.

S. 860 CAME LATER

Months before Senator Sheppard introduced his S. 860 at the urgent request of several dry organizations both he and Congressman GUYER, at the request of the International Reform Federation sought to tie up the Selective Service Appropriation by making any portion of it available to camps in States where liquors of any alcoholic content were sold. Senator Sheppard was hesitant, as chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, to run counter to the known policy of the administration, but promised to present it to the committee, which rejected it. Not wishing the amendment to meet the same fate in the House Military Affairs Committee when the selective-service bill reached that body, we suggested to Congressman GUYER that he propose such an amendment the moment the bill reached the floor. Without hesitation he agreed to introduce the amendment, which he did after strengthening its provisions and extending its application and supported by an eloquent appeal which met with overwhelming defeat, few of the Members of the House voting on either side.

Mr. GUYER believed that defeat was less to be dreaded than silence. It requires courage to defend the right in the face of certain defeat. "If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small."

THE LAST ROLL CALL

Early in April he underwent a major operation at the Doctors' Hospital, and it soon became apparent that his chances for recovery faded with each passing day. "Sunset and Evening Star" was written on his countenance, when we visited the sick room at his Washington Inn home, and later the Navy hospital, from which he passed into immortality during the night of June 5. This morning, Sunday, June 6, we looked upon his strong face in sleep, and bade him a sad farewell.

Tonight a delegation from the House and Senate will accompany his body to the last resting place, St. John, Kansas, where he began his distinguished public career in the Sunflower State. Shortly after my call he dictated his last note concluding, "Thank you, dear friend, for the fruit and flowers and the beautiful prayer you made for me. God will reward you." It was his last signature, as characteristic as was the man who wrote it. We pray God

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

to send us another GUYER from the Second Kansas District, and that the mantle of Judge GUYER may fall upon him as the mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha. As King David said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Mr. CAPPER. Mr. President, I send to the desk resolutions, which I ask to have read and considered.

The resolutions (S. Res. 157) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ULYSSES S. GUYER, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair appoints the senior Senator from Kansas [Mr. Capper] and the junior Senator from Kansas [Mr. Reed] as the committee on the part of the Senate provided for in the resolution.

Mr. CAPPER. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Wednesday, June 9, 1943, at 12 o'clock meridian.

TUESDAY, December 13, 1943.

Mr. REED. Mr. President, the Wyandotte County, Kans., Bar Association, on December 1 conducted a memorial service honoring the late Representative U. S. GUYER, of Kansas City, Kans. Representative GUYER died on June 5, after having

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served in the Congress of the United States for 17 years. To-day being the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record the address of his long-time law partner and friend, H. S. Roberts, of Kansas City, Kans.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

The highest tributes I heard paid to Congressman GUYER after his death came from R. C. Jones, who was his secretary during most of his service in Congress, and Eddie Phippen, his friend of long standing. One said, "He was a prince among princes," the other, that "He was a great guy."

Of the two I think the latter would have suited him better because he was a "great guy." He liked people, he loved a crowd. He was a man among men and in the language of the Apostle Paul, "He was all things to all men."

GUYER was a good man—a kindly man. There was room in his heart for all. He had the soul of a poet, the heart of a philanthropist, and the mind of a statesman. Never a day goes by that I do not think of him, and many a night I see and talk with him in my dreams. No person, however lowly, ever asked him for alms in vain, "and would everyone for whom he did some loving service take a blossom to his grave he would sleep eternally beneath a wilderness of flowers."

He held many offices, and was clothed some times with absolute power, but he never abused it. The more prominent he became, the more kind hearted and sympathetic he became.

"It is difficult to estimate a man of genius properly who is dally before our eyes." I have mingled with him a lot in my time, and I have been almost "withered by the shade into which he cast me for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one." Truly, he and I were friends, intimate friends, close friends, yet never, that I can recall, did he call me "Harry" or I call him "Sam." He was an inspiration to me.

From him I learned that "there is a healthful hardiness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble." I wish, yes pray for this wisdom and understanding. If with the ribbons of the rainbow I could draw aside that mystic curtain that separates the living from the dead I feel sure I would find out that "the idea of eternal life was not born of any book, that that wave of hope and joy ebbs and flows as long as love kisses the lips of death."

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER

"There is a sweetness about death that is difficult to understand." To his dear sister and his beloved wife I would say with Washington Irving, "though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even, for the song of pleasure.

Mr. GUYER lived in St. John, Kans., only about 4 years. He was neither born nor reared there, yet for some reason to him it was the center of the universe. Around it revolved sweetest memories, youthful ambitions, and is the resting place of his father, mother, and a beloved sister. He left there at the turn of the century "to seek renown in the outside world and reap a full harvest of worldly favor only to find, that after all, there is no love, no admiration, no applause so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place.

"It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends, and when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scenes of his younger days."



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